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The family at Hickory Hill and Hyannis Port

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EDITORS' NOTE

As Shaw once said,
'Run for the bus'

Several members of our staff have reported on Robert Kennedy's presi-
dential campaign: Loudon Wainwright, for one, spent many weeks
with him (pp. 22-23). But two, Photographer Bill Eppridge and Re-
porter Sylvia Wright, were permanently assigned to his entourage.
Sylvia, who spent three months following the senator, writes:

Being assigned to cover Kennedy meant that we gave up our own
lives to live his. Those of us who traveled with him left behind hus-
bands, wives, children, plans for summer and
even the day-to-day decisions such as where
to go, or when to shop. Instead we were giv-
ing, each morning, a piece of paper telling pre-
cisely what the senator—and therefore we—
would do that day. The intensity of our expo-
sure to each other and to Bobby was abnor-
mal. We all met at an early breakfast and
parted long after midnight, seven days a week.
We rode cramped together for hours in buses,
sharing sandwiches and cigarettes, pens and
pillows, tummyaches and tempers.



SYLVIA AND BILL

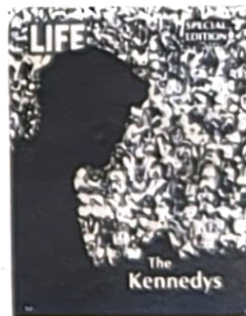
An instinctive need for home and family was
answered by our silver jet. It was the one constant in our hectic lives
to which we would always return and find things in order, our rain-
coats folded overhead, briefcases tucked under seats. We called her
"the Mother Bird" and felt a real sense of relief when we climbed
aboard each night.

Bobby always traveled with us and felt just as we did about the fami-
ly. He flopped about the plane in shirt sleeves or a sweater, hanging
his legs over the arm of a seat to chat, joining in the songfests in what
was a pretty awful voice. It was not at all a business relationship he
had with us. The newsmen were his friends, and far from being on his
guard, he enjoyed his most candid moments with his flying family, al-
lowing himself the same flashes of cattiness and chagrin that you do
in the privacy of your home.

When he spoke to crowds, he always ended with a quotation from
George Bernard Shaw, and we quickly learned to use Shaw as a signal
to head for the press bus. His audience must have been baffled one
night when he ended his speech with an inside joke: "As George Ber-
nard Shaw once said—run for the bus."

He was just one of us, but the most important one, and the reason
all of us were there together. Because we lived with him so constantly
and so closely, we naturally mourn for the senator more than most peo-
ple do. But it is a selfish mourning. For when he lost his life we lost
not only him, but our own lives as we had been living them with him.

George P. Hunt
GEORGE P. HUNT,
Managing Editor



Appearing on the newsstands this week
is a 96-page Special LIFE Edition—
The Kennedys. Copies may be ordered
by mail from LIFE, Time and Life
Building, Chicago, Ill., 60611. Please
send your name, street address, city, state
and zip code with \$1.25 (this includes
handling and postage).

Longing for something better

Almost all the experts now agree that Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon have probably locked up the presidential nominations of their parties. Through an incredible route of chance and tragedy the country has come right back to the point from which it started in March—with the Administration (though in the person of Humphrey and not Johnson) pitted against the most expectable of Republican candidates. It is not a prospect that electrifies.

Robert F. Kennedy was always a long-shot chance to stop Humphrey in Chicago. His strategy was to score so impressively in primaries, and to show so well in polls, that organizational delegates chosen in non-primary states could be persuaded, in the heat of the convention, to

waged either by maneuverings among party professionals or by the outside route of trying to persuade the pros, through the polls, of a candidate's greater popularity. Whatever informal counts show now of delegate strength, some of the "commitments" will be pretty thin if a better alternative shows up.

If it proves to be all over already, then little account will have been taken of what President Johnson calls the "restlessness" in the country today. Much of the dynamism that had been building in this campaign—the involvement of youth, mostly over the war, in the McCarthy campaign, and the yearnings of Negroes and other minorities in the Kennedy campaign—will have been lost. Come November, many will either make the next best choice or decide to sit the whole thing out. This is the normal democratic process, but not necessarily the healthiest response to the estrangements that have so plagued our nation lately.

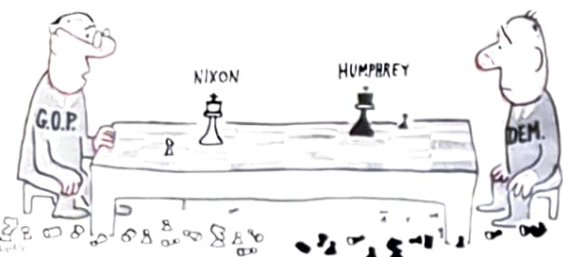
McCarthy, that loner who at each step is always being prematurely written off, may yet rally enough dissenters to mount a serious challenge. But he will have to succeed against the instincts of most professional politicians, who don't find him compatible to their ways. If he doesn't succeed, the fresh thinking he brings should not be lost. Hubert Humphrey, whose own formidable credentials as a liberal are too often disregarded, has to shuck his lackluster role of apologist for the Administration. The two men from Minnesota are not that far apart on basics: joining them together on one ticket is not as grotesque as some other political marriages of convenience (except for the constitutional dif-

ficulty for 10 electors in Minnesota itself, who are barred from voting for a President and a Vice President from the same state). Humphrey will no longer be under as much pressure to take a Southerner on the ticket; the new vice presidential talk is of Teddy Kennedy, though at this moment the proposal has a cynical ring.

On the Republican side, the Rockefeller-Reagan alliance, which never developed into a true courtship, is a prime example of artificial matchmaking. In fact, Nelson Rockefeller's whole off-and-on campaign, for a man of such experience and talent, has to be one of the major disappointments of the year. After declaring earlier that he had lost "the old avidity," he now promises a dramatic burst of campaigning over the next few weeks ("the tide has turned"), aimed primarily at the polls, to convince the professionals that he is still a winner and Nixon a loser. If the results prove him wrong, he should very shortly consider stepping aside finally. For one thing, his dominance of the powerful New York delegation makes it harder to give a first run to another Republican hopeful, New York's Mayor John Lindsay, who has many of the qualities that appealed to voters made homeless by Robert Kennedy's death.

Not the least of the unpredictable possibilities is that the two front-running candidates, who for politically sufficient reasons have played it prudent so far, will find ways of making themselves more relevant to a changing America. They haven't so far. Humphrey and Nixon are wrongly lumped together by their over-familiarity: they are able and experienced men, but not alike.

June to August: the chance of surprises narrows. This has been a hard year for America; it would be a shame to have not much come out of it.



leave Humphrey for the banner of a man who had a better chance of winning in November. The Kennedy phenomenon was also expected to play its role among Republicans. One of the strongest arguments for a Rockefeller nomination has been his supposed ability to draw more independent votes than Nixon. Now the campaign has suddenly, in the eyes of the professionals, become one of conventional men and conventional loyalties. And they see even the assassination of Robert Kennedy somehow redounding to those who, like Nixon, have been flailing away at crime in the streets.

This may all yet prove to be the correct analysis. But if one thing seems predictable about 1968, it is its unpredictability. It is also observable that the two front-runners have not generated wide enthusiasm. Hubert Humphrey suffered an embarrassing defeat in the state of his birth, South Dakota, on the day of the California primary. Nixon did well in the primaries by making an on-the-scene effort while his rivals did not. But he did not have to contest them in the way which, in earlier campaigns, had made him many enemies, so his new style has not been fully tested.

Even without its tragic aftermath, the California primary was the end of the pre-convention campaigning in the streets: from now to August the struggle is to be

'What can I do?'

In this week's LIFE is the first of a series of answers to a question that has become an urgent personal concern of many Americans—"What can I do?" (see pp. 56-64). The problem is the cycle of despair and poverty that afflicts the urban Negro. What can be done by legislation or money is not enough. What must also be done is to institute, and to preserve, the human connections between black and white. And to help individually.

From those with some experience in working along with Negroes, and from Negroes themselves, comes some useful advice. Really helping requires more than a vague feeling of guilt or a burning passion for quick reform. Some basic rules:

► Expect to be rebuffed. Militant blacks

often reject whites' help, arguing that programs conceived and administered by whites only increase black dependence. White altruism has a dismal record. Blacks want help that is aimed at specific economic or social goals.

► Don't try to impose middle-class goals on ghetto blacks. Job training programs have failed because they did not respect the Negroes' own desires.

► Do something useful. The single criterion for starting something: is it needed? And if it's needed, do it *with* somebody, not *for* him.

► Do something you're good at. Don't try tutoring if children, whatever their color, drive you wild.

► Don't expect instant results.

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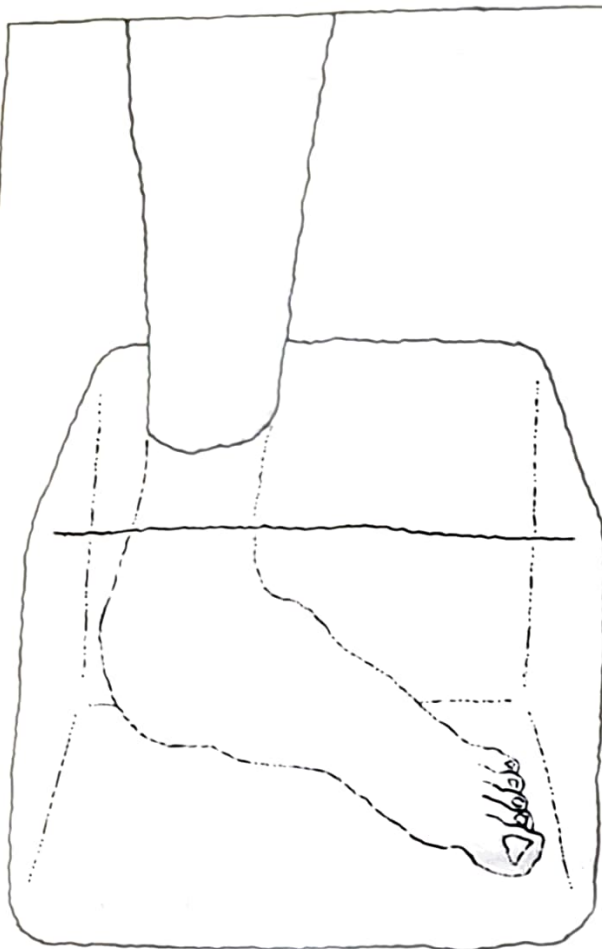
Now you can visit your Shell dealer when your tank is empty, or when your ash tray is full.

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Please keep this in mind: if we keep throwing trash away on the streets and highways, we're throwing something else away.

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a step ahead in foot care.**



LIFE BOOK REVIEW

A Decent, Deadly Tale of Growing Up Cool

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

by THOMAS ROGERS (New American Library) \$5.50

First-novel reading, like bird-watching, is largely an act of faith. Suffering in the traditional cramped positions, we scan the endless flights of crows, jays and sparrows, waiting against all odds for an indigo bunting.

Modestly, so unobtrusive it would be easy to miss, *The Pursuit of Happiness* flashes across binocular range: one of those small, splendid improbabilities of nature which enable confirmed bird watchers and novel readers to survive.

Thomas Rogers has made his debut by composing a startlingly quiet series of sad and funny understatements on the generally breast-beating theme of coming to maturity in America. Furthermore, he has brought his apparently nonchalant musings to bear on a character so low-keyed and affable that he seems to be underplaying Dustin Hoffman underplaying *The Graduate*. The whole operation has such a look of disarming innocence, in fact, that the reader is astonished to find he will never view those overexamined abstractions, youth and America, in quite the same way again.

Rogers' young hero, William Popper, is the scion of a wealthy, socially established family, dawdling his way through his last year at the University of Chicago during the days of the New Frontier. Ever since he was a freshman, William has been living part-time with a fellow student, Jane Kauffman, who, in her regimental gray hooded jacket and sneakers, still scurries home to her dorm nightly to make curfew. By this sort of reflex, both lovers sleepwalk through a pattern of passive half-conformity.

Jane is the daughter of a socialist, and occasionally she stirs to ask not what her country can do for her but what she can do for her country. As their life together narrows its focus to a bottle of brandy in bed—"We used to really think we were going somewhere"—she urges nobler choices upon William. The Peace Corps? The Freedom Movement? The "disarmament business"?

William is beyond all that. He is an intelligent, decent young man who simply has nothing in mind he wants to do or to become. His style of life, by inertia rather than preference, is *laissez-faire* anarchy: You don't mind your business, and I'll not mind mine.

Then one icy afternoon, as slowly and lazily as he has lived, William

skids his car into an old woman by a curb and kills her. "It would be ridiculous for you to act as if your life has been changed by this accident," William's father says. Yet that is just what happens.

Sentenced to a year in prison, William realizes with a curious relief that he has escaped another kind of sentence: "I don't have to be a middle-class American boy," and wanders into a characteristically unplanned, William-type escape.

William and Jane, comfortable fugitives, await the birth of their first child, officially resigned from their unused club membership in the American dream. Yet William has never seemed more American than at that moment. Sadly but ironically, he has carried the national ideal of individual freedom to its distressingly logical conclusion. A nice American boy closed out of all his other options, will he take the final option: to opt out?

What a lot of violence, we suddenly realize, fills this deceptively gentle harpsichord of a book. Picasso's *Guernica* broods like a patron image over the lovers, photographs of the Chicago stockyards decorate William's blithe going-away-to-prison party, and in prison, another unintended killing takes place.

This is not malevolent or passionately willed violence. It is sorry-about-that violence, casual violence, violence almost as a form of neglect. It is the special violence of freedom turned aimless—violence that fills a vacuum because nothing else is there.

Who is responsible for William's American tragedy? The reader is confronted only with kindly faces to choose from, as intelligent and decent as William's. Here perhaps is Rogers' ultimate shocker: he denies us the usual comfort of a scapegoat. For in his beleaguered isolation, William, we finally recognize, is scarcely more of an exile than the disoriented friends and family he leaves behind.

At the end, William is writing a book: *Love and Violence: The American Antinomies*. It is the book Rogers has already written—a generous-minded, compassionate and at last deadly book in which no one is blamed and therefore no one is forgiven.

Mr. Maddocks, book editor of The Christian Science Monitor, frequently reviews fiction for LIFE.

by Melvin Maddocks



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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

Dick & Liz Dare Us to Stay Away

BOOM!

with Elizabeth Taylor and
Richard Burton

Boom! The title is explained somewhere, but I'm afraid my attention wandered as the picture flapped along and I'm not sure I got it straight. I think it is the sound you are alleged to hear when you are suddenly shocked into awareness of existence. Or maybe it's just the sound of the esokie crumbling or of one hand clapping. No matter—it is something ambitiously ambiguous and poetic, some sort of metaphysical popcorn to munch while Liz and Richard go about the really serious business of the movie—which is making a million apiece by, respectively, waddling and shambling through poor old Tennessee Williams' latest self-satire.

Ordinarily one would discreetly avert one's eyes from something as humiliating as this, but *Boom!* represents a kind of perverse challenge. When people reach a certain status in show biz—have plenty of "clout" as they say—a kind of arrogance seems to set in. They get to thinking, perhaps unconsciously, that they can dare us to reject anything they feel like shoveling out. The Burtons are peculiarly afflicted with this malaise. *The VIPs*, *The Sandpiper*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Comedians*—all of them were, in one way or another, frauds based (correctly, as it turned out) on the belief that curiosity would overcome common sense and lure us into the theater like rubes to a freak show. Suitably stimulated, as they apparently were by Virginia Woolf, the Burtons can still be effective. But there is a tired, slack quality in most of their work that is, by now, a form of insult. They do not so much act as deign to appear before us and there is neither discipline nor dignity in what they do. She is fat and will do nothing about her most glaring defect, an unpleasant voice which she cannot adequately control. He, conversely, acts with nothing but his voice, rolling out his lines with much elegance but with no feeling at all.

In Mr. Williams, of course, they have found a writer who shares their cynicism. *Boom!* is an adaptation of a play he has twice failed to foist on Broadway (*The Milk Train Doesn't*

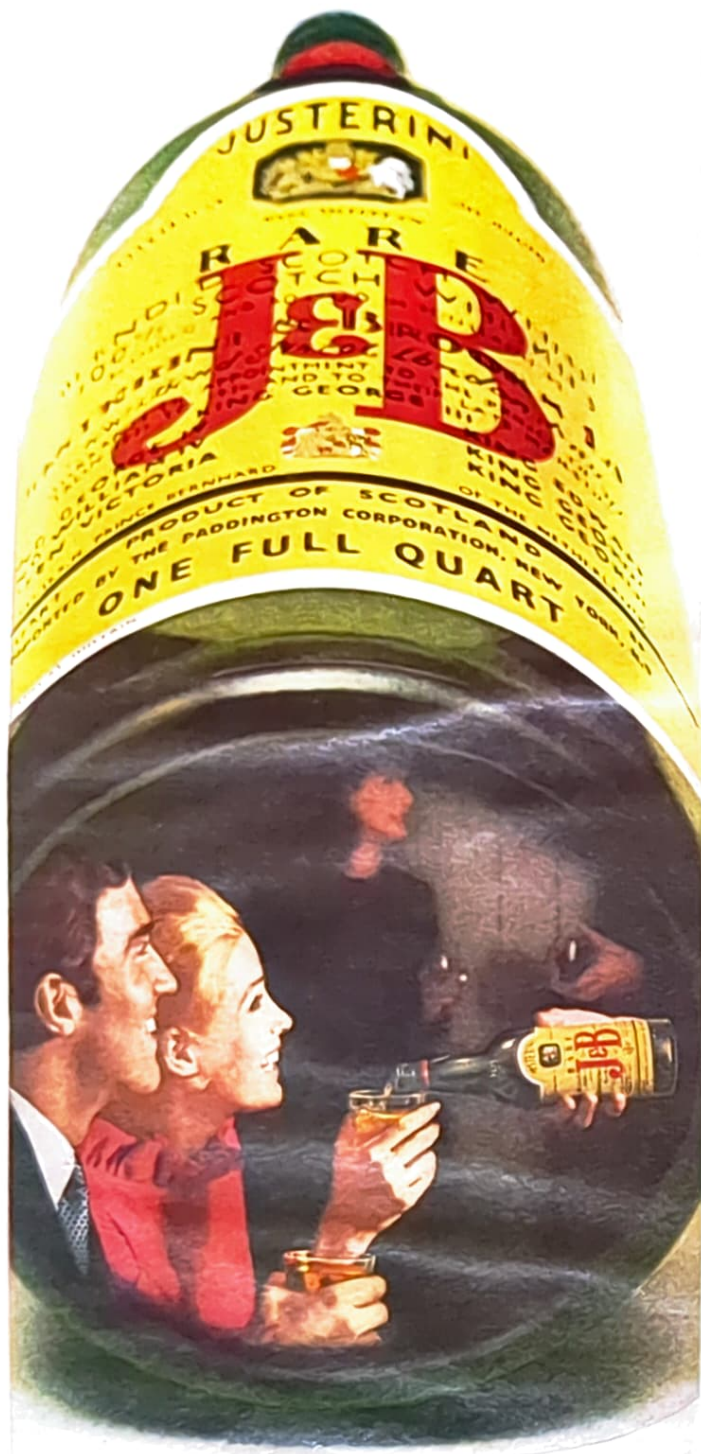
Stop Here Anymore) though, naturally, the producers nowhere mention this inconvenient fact. In one of his customarily exotic settings—a model, erudite villa on the Sardinian sea cliffs—he has placed yet another convocation of his stock company. A wealthy, fading beauty (but not too faded; after all she's the star) is being kept alive by drugs and she is visited by a gigolo who offers his clients not sexual release but—and this is Williams' pretentious twist—the release of death. They are surrounded by a veritable Our Gang of grotesques—a dwarf, a Negro giant, an overripe fruit, an understandably nervous secretary, even that pack of wild dogs from *Orpheus Descending*.

It was once possible to consider these creatures as the irrepressible manifestations of a genuinely tortured private vision, but familiarity has bred contempt. They no longer even titillate us, let alone stir authentic emotions, and even Mr. Williams appears bored with them.

Of course, there has to be a director and they have employed the chic Joseph Losey (*Accident*, *The Servant*, et al.). The contemporary master of the self-consciously beautiful, essentially empty cinematic gesture, he is a perfect choice for the job. His thing—one can scarcely call it a style—is composed of pregnant pauses, silent insistence on visual symbols that generally turn out to be of little consequence, peculiar camera setups and editing rhythms that seem to portend something and rarely do. In the close confines of a movie house, it has always seemed to me as cloying as a heavy perfume, but here it has a functional value, covering the odor of decaying talents, and I suppose we have to be grateful for it.

One cannot be certain if it is correct to impute cynicism to all these people. Perhaps the Burtons are doing the very best they can, laden as they are by their celebrity. Perhaps Mr. Williams is less cynical than desperate; it is hard to accept the decline of creative energy and the growing feeling of cultural irrelevance. Perhaps Mr. Losey even thinks he is serving art rather than mortuary science. But if they are not cynics, overestimating their charisma and underestimating our intelligence, then they are guilty of a lack of esthetic and self-awareness that is just as disheartening. In any case, it seems to me that we have been patient with all of them long enough. What they most need is to be left alone to think things out in silence and *Boom!* is the perfect occasion for that. That title could not be more apt; it is precisely the sound of a bomb exploding.

by **Richard Schickel**



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Husbands who are exposed to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sometimes find themselves playing an extra nine holes on Saturday instead of mowing the lawn. Busy executives find it distracting. And we might as well warn you right now that with this magazine in the house every week, your wife could get even more emphatic on the subject of longer, more frequent vacations, for which she will probably need new clothes.

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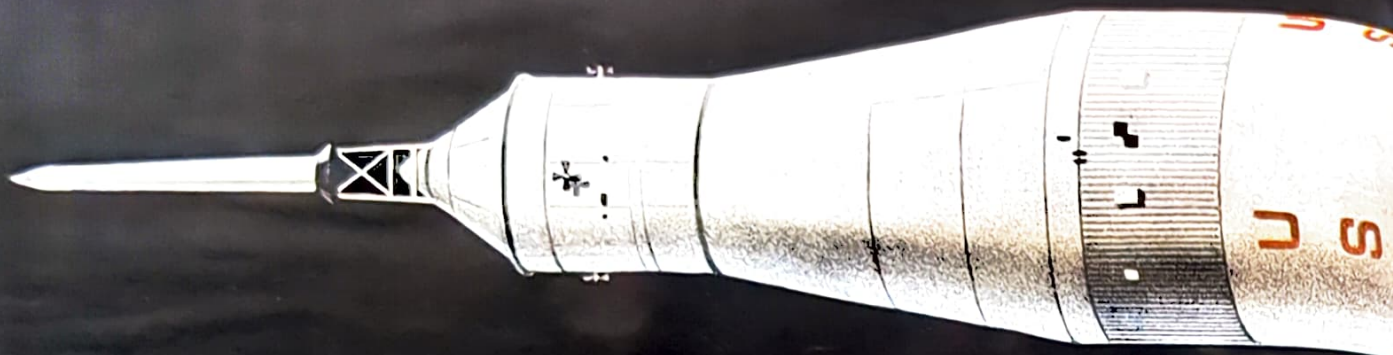
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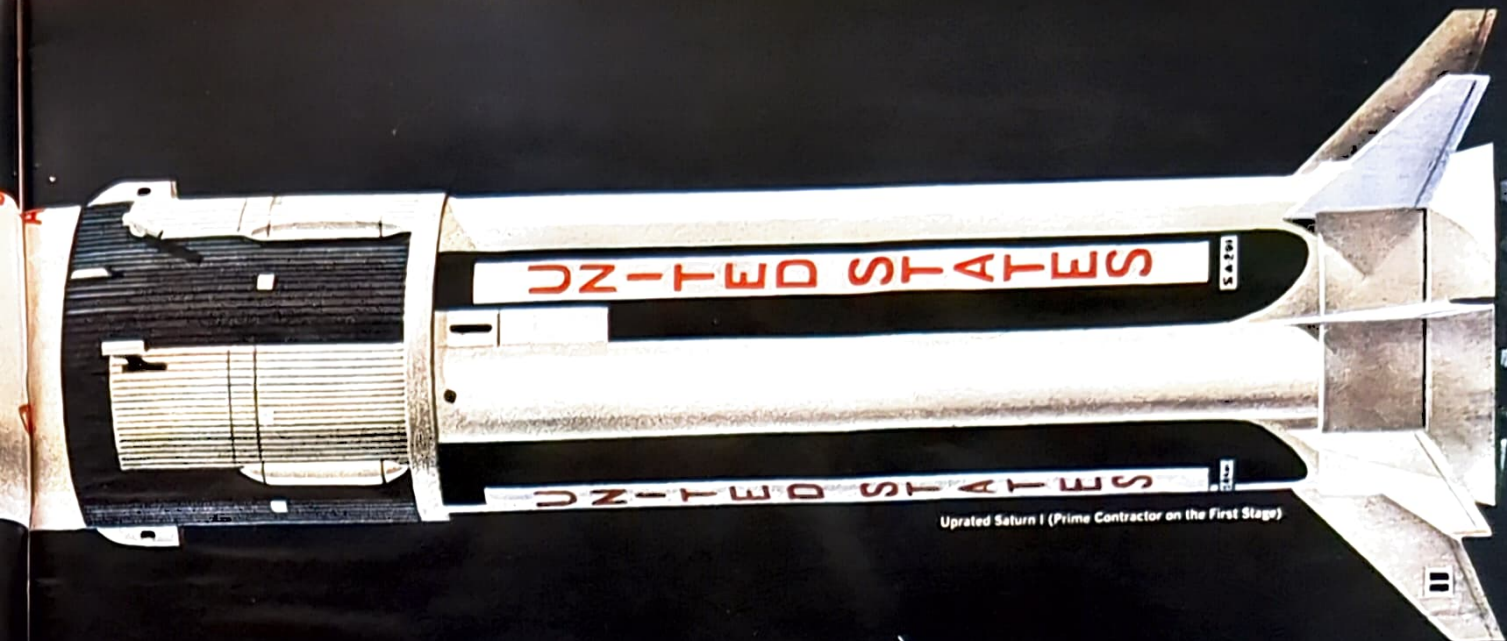
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off to that old convention.

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as your own personal property?

Right Guard's a spray, Dick—a spray.
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Never mind, Dick. Come on home.

The hall light needs fixing. The
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and with women.

Palming Off Those Pesky Shrines

THE MONUMENT GAP

I've been thinking that those big statues on Easter Island would look good if somebody bought them and put them up alongside the New Jersey Turnpike. Not only would they bring variety to a stretch of road that can get pretty dull, they would also make a wonderful tourist attraction. Surround them with burger stands and Polynesian souvenir shops, build a motor inn with a simulated grass roof and you'd have a nice little business, not to mention a culture center. Who knows? Get some kid interested in those glyphs and he might even decipher the darn things.

Best of all, it would be a real favor to Chile—one of those "good neighbor" opportunities that don't come up as often as the State Department would like. The statues are in poor shape after so many centuries standing out in the Pacific wind and rain. We could fix them up with American know-how, maybe do a little restoring and save the Chileans the trouble and expense of doing it themselves. They probably never wanted Easter Island anyway.

What started this train of thought was the recent purchase of London Bridge—which the English say has become too narrow and frail—by the McCulloch Oil Corporation, an American firm that will take it apart and rebuild it in the Arizona desert at a resort called Lake Havasu City. Part of the Colorado River will be deflected to run under it and will be named "The Little Thames." "We believe that more than four million tourists will come each year just to see the bridge," says C. V. Wood Jr., president of McCulloch. His company paid \$2,160,000 for it, but the reconstruction cost will be lessened by "the fact that the bridge can be built before the river."

That, of course, is the key fact—the one that gives the idea its integrity. For at first it might seem somewhat crude to wrench a foreign landmark out of its proper setting. But this overlooks our ability to rearrange nature with a bulldozer. I mean, it would be wrong to buy the Parthenon and rebuild it in some place that's flat—say, the outskirts of Dallas. But choose a spot that has some height

anyway—perhaps across the Potomac from Washington, up by the Lee mansion—and shape the land so it looks like the Acropolis, and put the Parthenon there, and the whole thing would be in such good taste that nobody could possibly complain.

I bring this up now so that we can all keep alert, as we do our summer driving around America, for suitable new sites for the antiquated monuments of Europe and Asia. The Tower of Pisa is a perfect example. It has been leaning for 600 years, and in all that time the Italians haven't straightened it up; obviously they are just waiting for someone to come and take it away. With our technology we could make the tower lean even more—perhaps as much as 45°—and it would make a nice downtown ornament for some middle-sized city like Bridgeport or Peoria.

I say "middle-sized" because scale is so important. The Taj Mahal, for instance, is really too big for Bridgeport. I think of the Taj for Chicago, just offshore on steel piles so that Lake Michigan could serve as a reflecting pool. That's the integrity part—without a reflection it would simply look out of place.

But American technology and taste are not the only values at work here. Most exciting of all is the fact that our philosophy of obsolescence—of disposable products, of cars that we shed annually, of buildings that we tear down after 20 years—seems to be catching on abroad. If England is willing to sell London Bridge, which dates from 1831, what chance has 902-year-old Westminster Abbey, or any landmark of Tudor or Elizabethan vintage? Soon we can expect to see Anne Hathaway's cottage at Hollywood and Vine, or Stonehenge out on Miami Beach.

And when England goes, there goes the whole ball game—getting rid of useless historical junk will become an international sport. I can see the great hall of Karnak inside Houston's Astrodome, or Chenonceaux Castle straddling the Monongahela, or Hagia Sophia in Disneyland. Nor would it be a one-way project, for we have plenty of dilapidated cultural shrines right here in the U.S.A. that national sentiment would undoubtedly like to pack off somewhere else. Just for openers, the Liberty Bell is cracked, the Capitol dome is falling apart, so is Niagara Falls, and the four Presidents on Mount Rushmore are beginning to show their age.

There's great material, in other words, for trades with other countries that would enrich both them and us. All it takes is a love of culture and a little sensitivity.

by William Zinsser



"How we retired in 15 years with \$300 a month"

"Do you think we look too young to be retired? Our son, Gerry, does, and he said so last month when he and his wife, Anne, brought their two lively youngsters for a visit.

"Actually, it was Gerry who gave me the idea that made retirement possible. One summer, back in 1952, when Gerry was 10, he spent a month visiting my wife's parents and a month visiting mine. He said to me then, that when he got old, he wanted to be like Grandpa Clarke, not like Grandpa Taylor.

"Grandpa Clarke was happy all the time and didn't have to work unless he felt like it. Grandpa Taylor was tied to a job and never seemed to have any fun.

"The difference, I knew, was money. Not much money, just the little extra a man needs to take things easier as he gets older. I got to thinking, what would it be like when I became a grandfather? I wasn't saving regularly. Social Security alone wouldn't be enough for my wife and me to live on comfortably. I was forty years old.

"Then, one Sunday I saw an advertise-

ment in the newspaper telling how a man of forty could start a retirement plan that would, in just fifteen years, guarantee him an income of \$300 a month for the rest of his life! It seemed too good to be true, but Phoenix Mutual ran the ad, an insurance company that had more experience at this sort of planning than I had, so I sent in the coupon. Soon a booklet arrived. We picked the plan that seemed best for us, and we were on our way.

"Where did the fifteen years go? I don't know, but we were busy and happy and always deep-down-safe through the years in the knowledge that we had planned for our retirement years.

"Suddenly, our first check arrived from Phoenix Mutual! I was able to sell our big house in Winnetka, and we bought a roomy ranch house here in Florida.

"We're in the swim and having the time of our lives. And if we look too young to be retired, we have a very young genius to thank for giving us the idea just fifteen years ago!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE ARRANGEMENT

Sirs:
Surprisingly enough, I find myself not shocked, but *saddened* by the article about college students and the Arrangement (May 31). Lost forever to these kids is that magical, wonderful world of real newlyweds—when parents are indulgent; friends, gay; the butcher, understanding; the furniture-store manager, patient. The truly sad part is that they are "playing house." They may not admit it, but they *want* marriage. In the Arrangement they have spoiled what should be the most joyful time of their lives. I pity them all.
MRS. J. FLOYD GLISSON
Dunedin, Fla.

Sirs:
Why must the modern press publicize, advertise and glamorize whoredom and phallic worship by a minority of our populace, to the moral detriment of our young folk, who thereby gain the impression that all of our era do it so it has to be right to do so. There's nothing about this conduct that wasn't practiced throughout the ages by various defunct civilizations. What may be new is the publicity that makes it seem desirable and right. As John Steinbeck says, "It makes teen-agers in newly hatched sin think they invented it."
GEORGE BEDARD
Brainerd, Minn.

Sirs:
So LIFE has discovered the Arrangement, now so commonplace among college people as to be not worth mentioning. Sexual experience is not merely accepted, it is approved of. Sex relationships are beautiful, warm and good. Our parents seem to expect them to be nothing more than "animal couplings." Who's got the dirty minds? Loving relationships deepen friendship and understanding between people; they teach you to care and to be unafraid to reach out to another human being, something that is sorely needed in the world today. Surely no rational person can call these things immoral or obscene. Obscenity is cruelty and immorality is indifference to the needs of others.
JOYCE WRIGHT
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:
Your article is a classic in bad taste.
JAMES E. HILDEBRAND
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:
Man, talk about dullsville! The Arrangement is right out of Dick and Jane. See them play house! Maybe we missed having "just one ingredient of a total relationship," but we had fun!
ERLA JONES
San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:
I wish to congratulate you for con-

tributing to the further breakdown of our country's moral fiber. Let us remember that it is the stable, productive, law-abiding youth who will provide the leadership in the years ahead.

MRS. JAMES PILESTON
Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:
Few young people fully comprehend the lifetime feelings of guilt which haunt one long after the so-called Arrangement has ceased to exist.
WILHELMINA VAN ROOYEN
Orange, Ga.

Sirs:
The "living together" experience is not a rebellious foray, but a very middle-class response to the need to keep experiencing the warmth and security of the family, after the umbilicus is finally cut at college entrance.
ROBERT F. CONHEIM
Fort Ord, Calif.

Sirs:
Even though my lovely college sophomore may be considered Victorian by some of her contemporaries, I am glad she gets stars in her eyes when we discuss that beautiful someday when she will walk down the aisle on her father's arm. We will know that she and the young man she chooses are mature enough to face the responsibilities of establishing a true relationship with each other and a home for the children they want to have.
It will be her way of thanking us for seeing her through measles and chicken pox, braces on her teeth and for giving her the security of a warm home, the opportunity of a college education and always our love.
MRS. W. H. GRANHOLT
Clarence, N.Y.

Sirs:
What's everyone so excited about? It is only natural to want to live with someone you like very much. These students will someday be better husbands and wives as a result of their premarital marriages.
DIANNE SPURGEON
Falls Church, Va.

Sirs:
As parents of four boys, including one in college, we keep a pretty tight hold on the purse strings. If our collegiate member decides to take up an Arrangement the support stops—fast. If he chooses to go to school and take a job to finance such a set-up that's his problem—and he's got a PROBLEM!
NANCY K. HOLTERHOFF
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:
As a housewife who daily faces laundry, meal planning, and dirty dishes, I treasure memories of college when I could do laundry in the lavatory, skip breakfast and sleep until noon if I liked.

"The Arrangement" at college involves more than sex. Underwear and socks have to occasionally be laundered, linens changed, meals prepared and dishes washed. The girls cheerfully perform these tasks.

Men are getting more clever each year when they can get a package deal with no strings! I must now tell my young daughter, rather than the facts of life, to enroll in the school of home economics if she wants to housekeep her way through college.

TERAH SIEGER
Jasper, Ala.

MARYLAND CONSTITUTION

Sirs:
Your editorial on Maryland's proposed new constitution ("A Constitution's Co-Author Is the Voter," May 31) asked, "What went wrong?" after stating the charter was endorsed by a Who's Who of Marylanders. The answer is that the grass roots were not consulted and many unpopular provisions were included in the "take it all or leave it" constitution. In other words, Who's Who didn't know What's What!

HYMAN A. PRESSMAN
City Comptroller
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:
We didn't send our delegates to write a new constitution, we sent them there to revise the "cumbersome, inadequate 101-year-old charter." If we had wanted a new constitution, we would have sent our delegates to do so.
JOSEPH D. MIDDLETON
Waldorf, Md.

NEWSFRONTS

Sirs:
I was amused at the irony of the two pictures from "On the Newsfronts of the World" (May 31).

There is brilliant "bushy" maestro, Leopold Stokowski, who can do no wrong with long hair, but the young boy in a rock group must be shorn to "beautify America."
MRS. ARNOLD ROSEN
Forest Hills, N.Y.

ALAMO

Sirs:
If President Johnson's convictions on Vietnam are wrong ("Deep Grow the Roots of the Alamo," May 31) and if those convictions have been hardened by the President's deep feelings for the Alamo, it is indeed a tragedy.
If his convictions are right, his courage to withstand legal dissent, antiwar insults and violence has been in the Alamo tradition and will serve to inspire future generations.

Only the perspective given by time will allow us to see which interpretation is correct, just as it took the passage of time for most men to make sense of the "hopeless and even foolish" stand of 187 men at the Alamo.

ALVIN A. AKERS, II
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SERVAN-SCHREIBER

Sirs:
Servan-Schreiber in "De Gaulle Is a Monologue and an Ambiguity" (May 31) is no more reliable than an astrologer when he predicts the "certain" end of De Gaulle. His doctrine, that it is permissible to transform organized society by revolution, rather than by the democratic process of the orderly assessment of the ballot box, leads only to chaos.
With a fanatic's logic he aspires to democracy achieved by revolution.

GEORGE D. HALLER
Livonia, Mich.

ANCIENT EGYPT

Sirs:
Your series on ancient Greece and Rome were only surpassed by your more recent series on ancient Egypt. Having visited these countries, I was most impressed with your magnificent pictures of the age-old temples and tombs ("The Sudden Thrust of Empire," May 31). You truly captured their beauty and vivid color with your excellent photography. Almost as good as a return trip!

THIS IS LIFE AT ITS BEST.
YOLANDA HUSAR
River Forest, Ill.

STEWARDESS GAP

Sirs:
Before Mr. Zinsser is inundated with replies from every "Granny Spooner" of the airways ("The Stewardess Gap," May 31), may I advise him that his fears are unfounded if my wife or her stewardess friends ever take to the air again.

These "old gals" just continue to become more charming, gracious, lovely and pretty. For a dash of sex, they run rings around the cherubic smile of a fledgling, swaying hips and all. And they can negotiate a dry martini down that aisle better than ever.

Aside from being tactful, Granny Spooner is cunning. If you should worry about her dumping a dinner on your \$125 suit, then mind your manners and watch your pinching. These ladies are nimble and if the suit does get spotted, probably she was trying to do it!

KEN VETTERICK
Jacksonville, Fla.

Sirs:
About five months ago, another dowager of the air lanes and I worked eight and one half hours straight on a St. Louis-to-San Juan flight. We served food and drinks to 55 passengers. Neither of us can remember sitting down very often.

Now, I still wear a size 8, cover a few gray hairs with some bleach and manage a date now and then with a good soul who just wants to put a smile on an old lady's face.

Remember my name Mr. Zinsser and beware! Should we meet some day high in the sky, I may get up out of my wheelchair and hit you with my cane.

JERRE DWIGGINS
St. Louis, Mo.

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A constituency of sorrow along 225 miles of track

There was no way to count the people who had come down to see the train pass. Dressed in uniform or in sports clothes, carrying signs and flags, standing beside cars parked along the highways and riding horseback, motionless in the green thickets and kneeling between the tracks, hands saluting, waving or covering faces, they stood in a vast chain of sadness from New York to Washington. To watch them from the inside of the train and to catch their eyes in passing was to meet one's own feelings of sorrow and bewilderment again.

The people on the train were astonished by it. What was it, they asked each other, that would make hundreds of thousands stand for hours in the heat along wretched platforms and in the dusty roadbed to watch a train roll past? Was it respect for Robert Kennedy, sympathy with his family? Surely there was much of that; but there was more. Engulfed by the drama of the past few days, these people needed to touch the event themselves, to establish even the smallest piece of it as having taken place in their presence, to see it and believe it and lock it in personal recollection. The girls who stood in the grass holding the hems of their long bridesmaid dresses will not forget that *their* thrown bouquets hit the side of the car which carried Robert Kennedy's body. The members of the bands and the Boy Scout bugle corps and the singers will know that *their* music penetrated to listeners in the train.

Looking at the crowds, one was reminded of earlier train trips that Kennedy had made during this fantastic spring. There had been four of them—in Indiana, Oregon, across Nebraska and up the San Joaquin Valley in Cali-

fornia—and they had been political larks, relief from the blast of air travel and providing a dash of anachronistic campaign corn the candidate obviously enjoyed. On one trip the train made an unscheduled stop at the hometown of a staff member, and Kennedy leapt off and ran to the end of the observation car and stood there laughing and leading the cheers for his friend.

The crowds that had turned out to see him had been noisy and gay, quickly responsive to his banter. Now his black-engined train rode through great stretches of silence, and one knew, as never before, the huge extent of his constituency. The primaries had not really shown it, and it had been indeed doubtful that Robert Kennedy would be able to swing the convention. Yet there it was, lined up along 225 miles of track, a tribute to Kennedy, his ideas and the strength of his contact with the people which surely no other American could command.

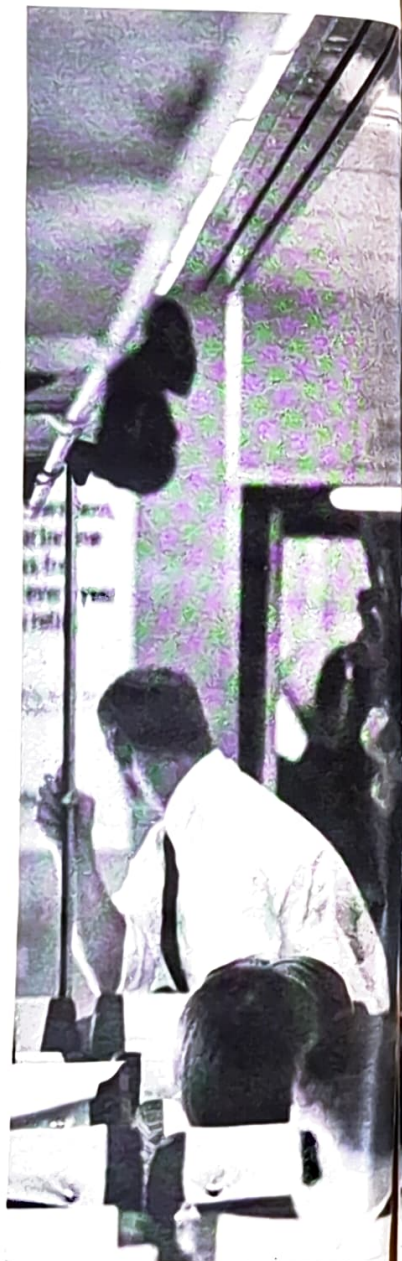
The journey became terribly long. It grew hot in the train, and amid the clatter of dishes and glasses in the dining cars, among the smartly dressed men and women chattering in their seats, the purpose of the trip sometimes faded. The rolling wake went on forever, and at times the train seemed oddly like a football special, grinding back to Boston after a particularly shocking Harvard defeat. The news that two watchers had been killed by a train running in the other direction and that a third had been badly burned as he moved for a better view spread through the cars like a groan, and the trip was dreadfully flawed.

Of course, there was a certain sense aboard of not wanting this ride to come to an end. For those who had been traveling with Kennedy during the primaries, this was the wind-up trip. Washington was the finish, there was no schedule for tomorrow. And there was a sadness in this quite distinct from the sadness felt over Kennedy's death. From the turmoil and dash of his campaign, men and women had constructed associations and ways of living on-the-run entirely separate from the patterns of their normal lives. In the company of this exciting man, there had been some splendid excitements, and now it was all gone for good.

But mostly one felt the absence of the man and each slow mile brought the truth into harder view. Perhaps, after the shock of the grotesque event, this piece of time was needed to make it all believable.

The younger Kennedy children darted everywhere, and small Kennedy faces, cheerful and unmarked by fami-

ly grief, kept popping up in the aisles. Then Joe Kennedy III, big for 15, a lot of his father almost ready to form in his nice, kid face, came through, solemn but smiling, shaking hands with the more than 1,000 people aboard. ("Hello, I'm Joe Kennedy. Thanks a lot for coming.") When Ethel Kennedy made the same walk, the people in the cars rose to their feet and waited for her to pass. Looking straight into eyes, she called virtually hundreds of names, patted shoulders, took hands, embraced, recalled personal things, said, "Nice to see you," and moved on, leaving her guests shaken by her calm.



THE
VIEW
FROM
HERE

Loudon Wainwright

In the last car the coffin, covered by a flag, rested on chairs in a lounge. It was watched over by changing guards of silent friends who steadied it as the train turned. At one point in the journey John Glenn and the other pallbearers practiced folding the flag as they would do later that evening at Arlington. On the observation platform at the end of the car, members of the family sat in the warm breeze and gestured back to the crowds. In the last hours, except for the sounds of singing from outside, it was quiet in the lounge, where Ethel Kennedy, head bowed and body motionless, sat beside the coffin.



Joe Kennedy III, Robert's eldest son, walked the length of the train to greet every passenger while outside the crowds held flags and saluted. The man in uniform behind young Joe is

a Special Forces sergeant, one of four who offered to escort Ethel Kennedy to a private Mass the day before the funeral and were then invited to accompany the group to Arlington.

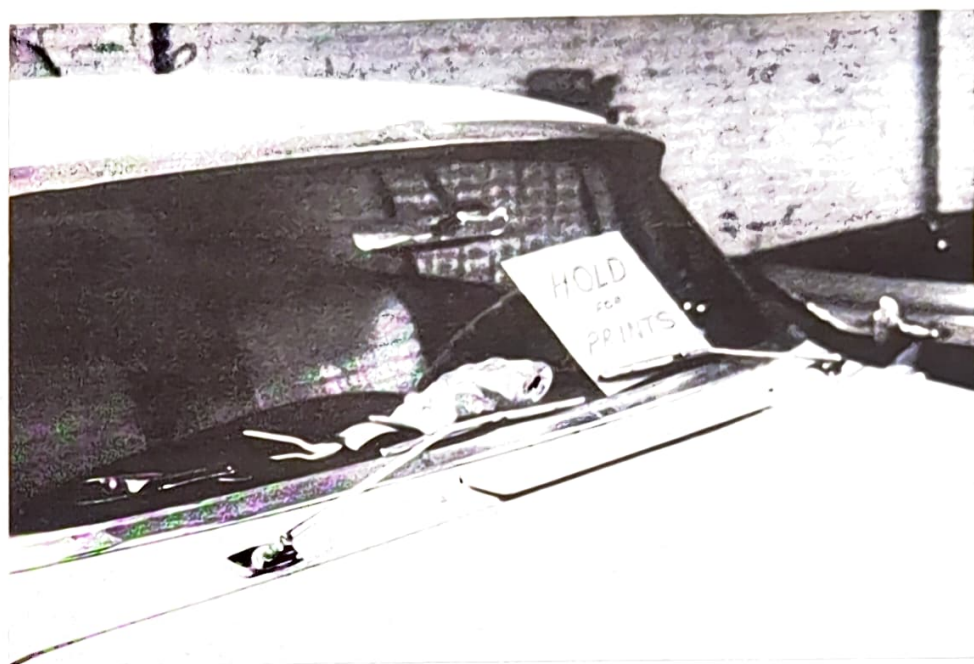


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OUT

Ray, Sirhan— What Possessed Them?

by PAUL O'NEIL



In London a police constable stands guard (left) at Cannon Row station where James Earl Ray was taken after his arrest. Above, a police van transports Ray (not visi-

ble), under heavy guard, to his arraignment. At top is the 1956 DeSoto owned by Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. Los Angeles police found the car near the hotel where Robert

Kennedy was assassinated and scoured it for fingerprints and other clues. Like Ray, Sirhan was detained under conditions of extreme security while awaiting his trial.

Encapsulated in their cells—one in London's ancient, red-brick Wandsworth Prison and the other in Los Angeles' bright and sterile Public Safety Building—the two of them seemed as innocuous as those waxen criminals which so blandly confront tourists at Madame Tussaud's museum. Neither demonstrated the slightest sign of trepidity. Sirhan Bishara Sirhan seemed possessed by a kind of martyr's righteousness. James Earl Ray was simply cautious and calculating—a stir-wise con in a familiar environment. The discharge of two minute particles of lead—an ironic fraction of the bullets which daily kill soldiers, rioters and victims of crimes less celebrated than Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King—had shocked the world and changed both the social climate and the political history of the U.S. But Sirhan and Ray seemed important now only as devices by which other men might gauge the meaning of their senseless violence.

The nine-week manhunt for James Ray—which culminated, by fantastic coincidence, almost at the moment of Robert Kennedy's funeral in New York—cost nearly \$1.5 million and involved 3,000 of J. Edgar Hoover's 6,600 FBI agents. Canada's Royal Mounted Police assisted—and discovered fugitive Ray's spurious new identity through a passport picture. London's New Scotland Yard grabbed him. The police of Mexico and Portugal contributed thousands of man-hours to the laborious search which preceded his capture. Investigators of Sirhan Sirhan's crime turned abroad, too—to the Middle East of his drab and frightening boyhood. All, in essence, sought answers to a terrible question. What possessed these two accused men?

Both Sirhan and Ray were products of families which were hard put to cope with the most basic problems of life. Both seemed governed by a curious, even touching unreality. Sirhan believed he could

CONTINUED

The eccentric cop-dodging trail of James Earl Ray

CONTINUED

ride Thoroughbreds. Ray believed he could hold up grocery stores. One was repeatedly thrown. The other was repeatedly arrested. But here their similarities cease. Sirhan seems formed in the classic mold of political assassin—small, proud, polite, repressed and aboil with a secret, almost religious sense of cause: Arab nationalism. But cynical, alley-shrewd, money-hungry James Earl Ray was something else again.

Hundreds of policemen in both the U.S. and Canada are laboring hard this week to answer the most vital and puzzling question implicit in either investigation: If James Ray held the gun, was he also the tool of a conspiracy which planned and paid for the death of Martin Luther King? The evidence is conflicting, exasperating and maddeningly inconclusive. Ray had money—a great deal more money than he had ever possessed in his life—during all the 13 months between his escape from Missouri State Prison in April 1967 and his arrest in London June 8th. None who have ever known him believes for a minute that he so resented King that he would have risked his neck to shoot him out of so unprofitable a motive as spite. "I know," said his brother Jerry, "he wouldn't have put himself in a spot like this unless there was something in it for him." But he may well have gotten a pile of money by other means—as one of two masked bandits who took \$27,000 in cash from his hometown bank of Alton, Ill., on July 13, 1967.

One has only to see photographs of the three Toronto citizens whose names Ray adopted before and after the King assassination to marvel at their resemblance to him. Union Carbide Supervisor Eric St. V. Galt (whose middle name the fugitive mistakenly took to be Starvo) is not only similar in looks, hair color, weight and height but, like Ray, bears scars on his forehead and right hand. Both Constable Ramon George Sneyd and Education Consultant Paul Bridgman also match his general description. It is generally conceded that he did not locate these doubles without the assistance of others. Few believe, however, that such service stemmed from any real conspiracy—it seems, rather, to have been the kind of aid almost any well-heeled ex-con could commission in the stew of a big city.

No real criminal organization

conspired with Ray—the Mafia simply does not use small-time losers as hit men. Neither, by all odds, did any racist group like the Ku Klux Klan—which must now regard outsiders as stool pigeons of the FBI. But the U.S., for all this, is not devoid of an occasional rich nut to whom the new ambitions of the Negro are anathema—and who might find a James Earl Ray a perfectly usable instrument of repressive social expression. This possibility must be weighed against one fascinating fact. The Alton bank robbers carried off currency in mixed denominations. But Ray, whether or not he shared these spoils, surely tapped some other source of revenue: week by week, ever since last summer, he has made his every real expenditure—including \$1,995 for the white Mustang he bought in Birmingham last summer and abandoned in Atlanta after King's death—solely with \$20 bills.

The day-by-day, week-by-week

record of Ray's 13 months of cop dodging are full of curious inadvertencies, reflections of habit and odd clues to character. He could not resist schools which promised minor skills. He went to Montreal last summer—shortly after the Alton bank robbery—and was moved, during his stay, to mail off \$17.50 for correspondence lessons from a locksmithing institute in New Jersey. He went south to Birmingham the next month—and took dancing lessons every Tuesday night for a month. By January, having driven west, he was a student at a Los Angeles school for bartenders. He patronized obscure bars—and obscure prostitutes. Once he ran an ad in a Los Angeles "underground" publication, *The Free Press*, which read: "Single male, Caucasian, 36, desires discreet meeting with passionate married female."

Sporadic, veiled but persistent suggestions of purpose intruded themselves, nevertheless, in this

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ERIC GALT



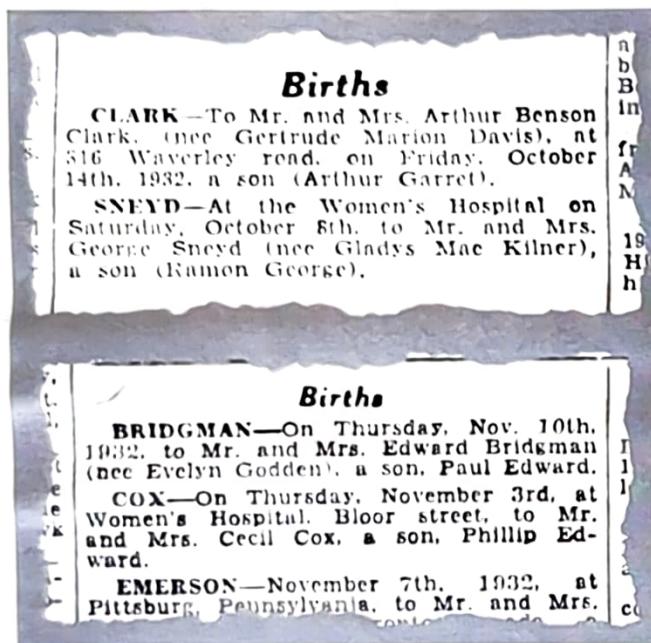
PAUL BRIDGMAN



RAMON SNEYD



JAMES RAY



Three identities in Toronto

To confound his pursuers, James Earl Ray successively assumed the identities of the three men shown with him above. None of the three is acquainted with Ray or one another, but they all live in the same section of Toronto and all three—Galt, a warehouse foreman, Bridgman, a teaching consultant, and Sneyd, a policeman—have at least a moderate physical resemblance to Ray. Police think Ray visited the Toronto public library and may have picked his alter egos from birth notices (left) in old newspapers on file there. (Sneyd and Bridgman were born a month apart in 1932, Galt 18 years earlier.) Investigators found that someone had left a check mark in pencil over the Bridgman announcement.



Toronto landlady, Mrs. Yee Sun Loo, described a "fat man" who delivered a letter to Ray. Police later cleared a man who said he found the letter in a phone booth.



On April 8, four days after the King assassination, James Earl Ray rented a room in this house in Toronto from Mrs. Adam Szpakowski (in window).



Ray's \$9-a-week room boasted a bay window and a homily on the wall. On April 21 he moved to the middle house below, six blocks away.



Hideouts in Lisbon and London

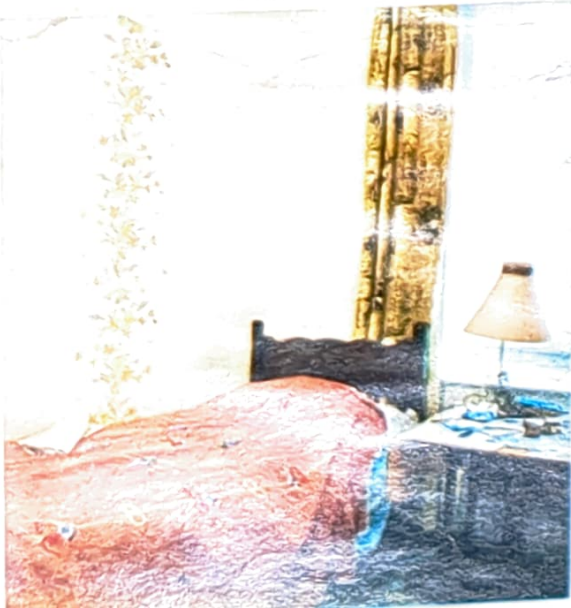
Armed with a Canadian passport made out to "Ramon George Sneyd" and enough cash to live modestly without working, Ray continued his odyssey to England and Portugal. In downtown Lisbon he rented a \$2-a-day room and frequented waterfront bars where he often was taken for a seaman. Returning to London, he chose a neighborhood with a heavy transient population, nicknamed Kangaroo Valley for the many Australians who live there. He changed addresses once more, then tried to leave the country, and was caught.



On May 8 Ray checked into the Hotel Portugal in Lisbon (above) and got a room with French windows.



In London, Ray registered on May 26 at the New Earls Court Hotel (above), a "bed-and-breakfast" establishment where he lived for a week in Room 54.



Ray stayed in the Pirilico. He stayed in the above two rooms, left hurriedly on June 8—the day of his arrest.

'Would you please step into our office, Mr. Sneyd?'

CONTINUED

aimless and wandering existence. He started 1968, for instance, by writing from California to segregationist Rhodesia—a nation with no U.S. extradition agreement—to ask how a U.S. citizen could enter the country. He drove east in March, moved into a "hippy" boardinghouse in Atlanta and signed himself Eric Starvo Galt. He went to Birmingham six days later, walked into the Aeromarine Supply Company and bought a rifle—a Remington Model 760 Game-master, 30.06 caliber with Redfield telescopic sight. On April 4, Memphis police found it on the sidewalk near where King was murdered. After making this purchase, Ray went back to Atlanta and made an awful mistake: he sent one of his correspondence schools the address of the boardinghouse—an act which eventually led the FBI to the place and to a single thumb print on a discarded road map which proved Galt to be escaped Missouri convict James Earl Ray.

The fugitive vanished completely, nevertheless, the day after Martin Luther King's death. He left his Mustang in the parking lot of Atlanta's Capitol Homes housing project at 8:30 in the morning after the killing and very probably took a plane to Canada. He materialized as Paul Bridgman at Mrs. Adam Szpakowski's \$10-a-week Ossington Avenue rooming house in Toronto—"I'm a salesman for Mann and Martel real estate and I need a place to stay"—four days later. It would be hard to guess whether Ray believed he had obliterated his trail and achieved invisibility in Toronto—although he certainly walked the streets openly, shopped for pornography and drank "Molson's Canadian" night after night at a go-go bar named the Silver Dollar.

For all his apparent confidence he wasted little time in preparing to change identity again and slip away overseas. By April 19—the day the FBI revealed that it knew Galt to be James Earl Ray and the day James Earl Ray knew himself to be a hunted man—he had already booked his round-trip, \$345 BOAC flight to London for May 6. He had also, in obvious awareness of Canada's lax travel regulations, asked a ticket agency to get him a passport as Ramon George Sneyd—a transaction which can be accomplished with no more proof of birth and background

than a simple statement to a notary public. He had even prepared to move, also as Sneyd, to yet another rooming house—this one run by a Mrs. Yee Sun Loo—on yet another nondescript street. But one can only speculate on the heavens he sought from then on, and the means—in which he seemed increasingly frustrated—by which he hoped to reach them.

He spent hardly 24 hours in London after arrival; instead he traded the return portion of his overseas excursion ticket for a British European Airways seat to Portugal, pocketed the \$14.60 in change and headed for Lisbon. Nothing yet reconstructed of his 10-day stay there sheds any slightest light on his intentions. He slept in Room 2 of the Hotel Portugal—a severe, clean, third-class haven for the frugal on a street which smells of charcoal and spitted chickens. He went to seamen's bars—the California, the Bolero, the Europa—drank beer and talked to the local prostitutes. He slept with one, gave her 300 escudos (roughly \$11) and seemed on the point of weeping when she showed him pictures of her fatherless children. Then he flew back to England again and vanished for 11 days. He resurfaced again on May 28. But fate was now closing in; only 11 more days—eight of which he spent at the New Earls Court Hotel on seedy Penryn Road and three at the Pax Hotel in similarly seedy Pimlico—remained to him.

FBI men back in the U.S. were working their way through endless cabinets of passport applications in search of a picture of James Earl Ray. Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen were engaged, at the FBI's request, in a similar search in Ottawa. The RCMP found the photo of Ramon George Sneyd—after having gone through 200,000 documents—matched it with an earlier picture of Ray and sent the application off to Washington. The capital "S" and capital "G" with which Ray had signed Ramon George Sneyd exactly matched the capital "S" and capital "G" with which he had signed Eric Starvo Galt. Ottawa placed a "stop order" on the Sneyd passport.

In London, as if in response to some extrasensory perception, fugitive Ray began to show signs of acute nervousness. He renewed his quest for information about



Maria Irene Dos Santos, a prostitute, met Ray at the Texas Bar in Lisbon. He gave her 300 escudos (about \$11). She says, "I hope he's not in any big trouble."

Rhodesia. He went to a street call box, and out of the blue telephoned Ian Colvin, an editorial writer and African expert on the *Daily Telegraph*, and questioned him about mercenaries in Portuguese Africa. His agitation increased when he read the news of Robert Kennedy's assassination. He moved instantly from Earls Court to Pimlico and renewed his telephonic interrogation of Wnter Colvin who finally—on being pressed—mentioned a resident of Brussels as one who could conceivably help him. Colvin promised to mail the man's address to the Pax Hotel. He did not.

Ray booked a flight to Brussels anyhow, appeared at London Airport at 11 o'clock in the morning on Saturday, June 8 and was placed gently in custody by minions of the queen. "Would you please," a smiling immigration officer asked him, "step into our office, Mr. Sneyd?" He did, although he was carrying a loaded snub-nosed .38 caliber revolver. Detective Superintendent Thomas Butler—famed nemesis

CONTINUED



A chambermaid, Maria Celeste (above), cared for Ray's Lisbon room: "He left every day at the same time. He was meticulously neat but he never took a bath."



Earls Court receptionist Jane Nasau helped Ray learn Britain's decimal currency: "I recognized his Southern drawl and wondered why he had a Canadian passport."



Mrs. Anna Thomas, proprietress of the Pax Hotel, brought breakfast to Ray's door: "He was always fully dressed. I had the idea that he never got undressed for bed."



On Friday, June 8, two scared men, one a Mexican, the other Puerto Rican, came forward with an account of an unusual meeting in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on the night Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated. They had nothing to report of conspiracy. But their story cast a fascinating light on the movements and emotional state of the accused killer just before the shooting.

Enrique Rabago, 35, a hairy-chested, unemployed mechanic, and a friend—not named—said they first encountered Sirhan Sirhan in the lobby outside the Vene-

The other party he went to before the shooting

tian Room. It was about 9:15 p.m. the night Kennedy was shot. Sirhan had just been thrown out of a party being held by the backers of conservative Max Rafferty, who was to win the G.O.P. senatorial nomination.

Dressed in white pants and a white, tieless shirt which made his dark skin look even darker, Sirhan had stuck out among those affluent, happily celebrating Anglos. A waitress refused to serve

After Sirhan was thrown out, Max Rafferty waves to supporters at his Ambassador Hotel victory party.

The Subtle Twisting

CONTINUED

of the Great Train Robbers—drove out in person to make the collar. So ended the history of Galt-Bridgman-Sneyd—though there still remain questions about James Earl Ray. Will he stand trial alone if and when he is extradited to the U.S.? What defense will he present—and how will a Memphis jury react to it?

Few such imponderables profane the case against Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. Dozens of people saw him at Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel on election night this month. He was at a Republican senatorial victory celebration, and later, he sprayed bullets about the pantry corridor where Robert Kennedy received his fatal wound. Olympic Decathlon Champion Kafer Johnson not only helped wrestle away his cheap, eight-shot Iver Johnson automatic but gave it immediately to the police. The weapon's history led directly to the scene of the crime—from its original purchaser to his married daughter to a neighbor youth to Sirhan's brother Munir and, thence, to Sirhan himself. Los Angeles bluecoats were immediately outside the hotel—to check an improperly parked car—and not only had the good luck to seize Sirhan red-handed but to protect him from those who would have beaten him bloody, and to stow him away, unharmed, for justice by courts as free as any of regional and political influences.

But the tale of Sirhan Sirhan is not concerned with legalities—except in its doleful epilogue. It is only concerned, in essence, with the slow, subtle and inexorable

CONTINUED



him a drink; he put up a fuss and contemptuously tipped her \$20 "for nothing." A security guard eased him out.

Rabago and his friend asked Sirhan what had happened. He told them and suggested that all three go back in. They hesitated, then said no. Whereupon Sirhan, the sounds of the Republican party echoing in the background, spilled forth his eloquent rage at "the rich Rafferty people who step all over the poor."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the lobby, Democrats crowded through the doors leading into the Embassy Room. There Kennedy would soon deliver his victory speech. Rabago had an idea. To mollify Sirhan, he nodded toward the Embassy Room and said, "Rob-

ert Kennedy might help the poor."

"Kennedy! Kennedy!" shouted Sirhan. "He should never be President. You think he really wants to help the poor?" His voice quavered. At the time, Rabago recalls, he thought Sirhan might have had too much to drink. Now he thinks it may have been pure rage. "Kennedy helps himself. He's just using the poor. Can't you see that?"

Rabago and his friend say they shook their heads and tried—without luck—to reason with Sirhan. Then they watched him wander off, slightly dazed, toward the Embassy Room and the Kennedy party.

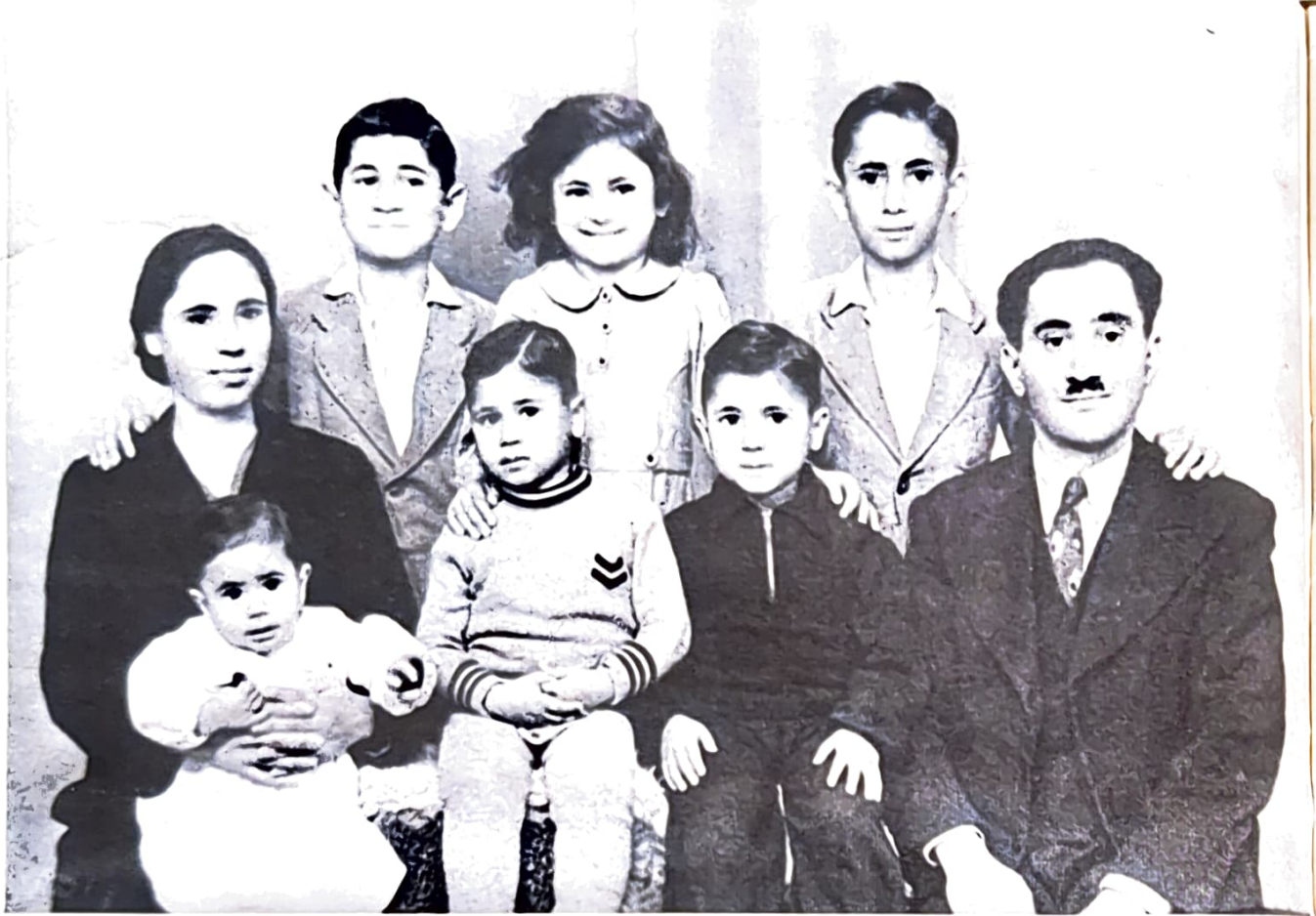
Enrique Rabago, an unemployed mechanic, met Sirhan just before the Kennedy assassination.



of Sirhan Sirhan



At Los Angeles police headquarters immediately after his arrest, a disheveled Sirhan posed for the mug shot above. The photograph at left, taken as 300 Rafferty backers partied at the Ambassador expecting victory, may include the accused killer—but he cannot be identified with any certainty.

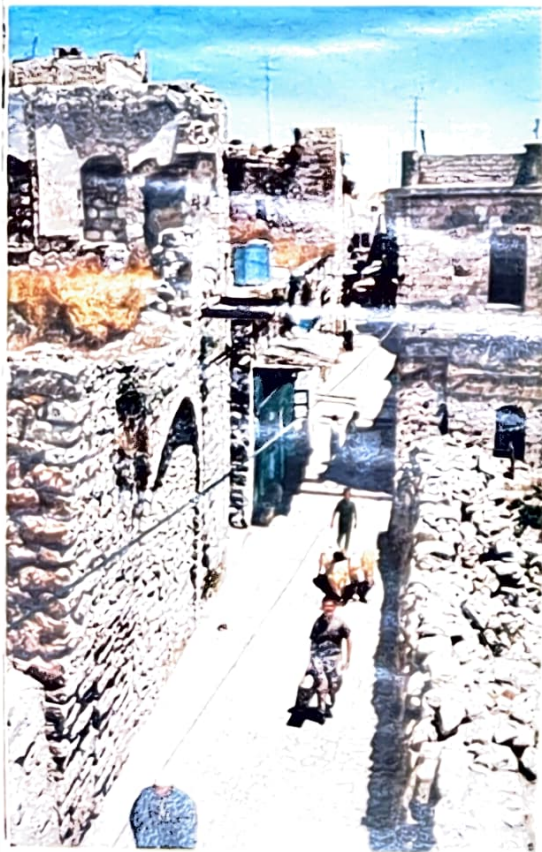


In 1947, one year before the Palestine war began, the Sirhans appeared to be a happy united family (above). The father worked for the Jerusalem city water depart-

ment. Sirhan, seated next to his father, was three. He had four brothers, one sister. Top row, left to right: Saad Allah, Ida, Sharif. Next to Sirhan is Adel, and Mrs.

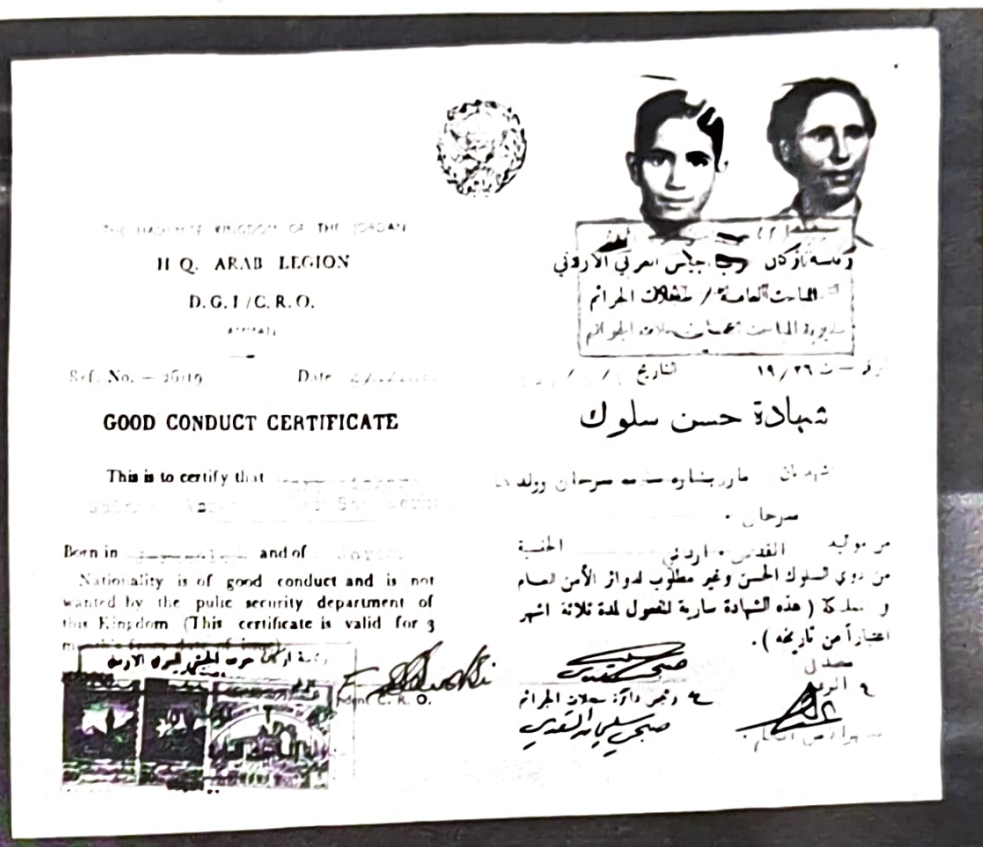
Sirhan holds the baby, Munir. The war changed their lives. Broke and unemployed, the father moved from Jerusalem to Amman to find work, leaving his family behind.

Finally, in January 1957, the Sirhans emigrated to the U.S. Applying for passports, Sirhan, then 12, and his mother were given a joint security clearance by Jordan (right).



The war-damaged street (far left) where the Sirhans lived after the 1948 fighting until they left for California exists, largely unchanged, in the Jewish quarter of the old

Fourth son in a family beaten with sticks



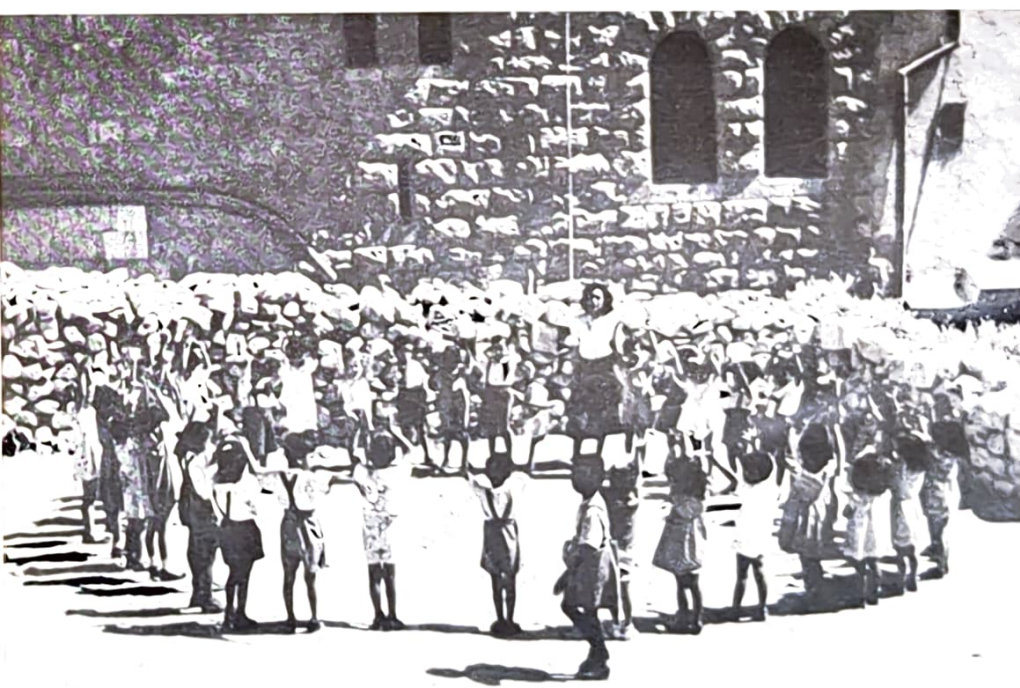
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twisting of one human being and the awful death of another. One cannot really understand it but only look into it as into a distorted mirror. Sirhan Sirhan did not drink. He did not smoke. His brothers, Saad Allah and Sharif, had "trouble"—and brushes with the law. Not Sirhan. He was polite. He was quiet. He concentrated hard on his studies as a schoolboy and on obscure religious philosophy as an adult. He shunned girls throughout—and remonstrated with married men who did not. He kept a notebook, and on one page—part of which was made public after he was jailed—he had written: "Robert Kennedy must die by June 5."

Sirhan Sirhan grew into boyhood as a Christian Arab in Jordan's Old City of Jerusalem. He was the fourth of five Sirhan sons—there was also one daughter—and was apparently the most diligent, attentive and polite. He was also unstable and unhappy; neighbors remember that Sirhan's father, Bishara, beat his children with sticks and fists when they disobeyed him and once held a hot iron to one of Sirhan's heels. The boy was subject to other horrors—he was only four when the 1948-49 Israeli-Arab war swept over Jerusalem, but his impressions of fear and sound lingered in his mind. It was his mother who dominated the family in times of trouble, who led them to the U.S. when Sirhan was 13 and kept them together in California when father Bishara abandoned them and went back to Palestine. It was the mother to whom Sirhan clung. "She loved her children," says an old acquaintance in the Middle East, "but she was a terribly harsh, narrow-minded and rigid woman."

Sirhan, for all this, overcame enormous handicaps—an awareness of his own strangeness in the eyes of his schoolmates, shyness, a mingled envy and repudiation of the people and the attitudes of garish Southern California. He kept out of trouble, blended, almost as if he were transparent, into the student body of Pasadena's John Muir High School. He was graduated and went on to two years at Pasadena City College. But his ambition of ambitions seemed odd, indeed, in one of his intelligence and education; he burned to be a jockey. He failed.

CONTINUED



part of Jerusalem. The Sirhans occupied one room plus a small kitchen (center left). Sirhan went to classes at the Martin Luther School and attended Sunday

school at the Lutheran Church. One of his classmates, Lili Ramien (left, standing in front of the school and church), remembers he "had no really close friends"

and "was very happy about going to America." Above, Sirhan's class plays in the schoolyard in an old picture. He is third from left of the boy walking in foreground.

A 'hot-walker' obsessed by his homeland's fate

CONTINUED

When he first approached the stewards at Santa Anita, they soon demonstrated that he lacked the experience or the reflexes to be part and parcel of a flying Thoroughbred. He persisted at the track, as a lowly "hot-walker" and exercise boy, though he was often, in the racing jargon for falls, "buying real estate."

He spent the summer of 1966 exercising mounts at Granja Vista Del Rio Horse Ranch in Corona, Calif. He was quiet, as always. He worked hard. He saved his money. But in the end he abandoned his curious dream for good. He was thrown, badly, from a galloping filly early one morning in September and taken to the hospital with cuts and bruises. Perhaps from injured pride, perhaps from disillusionment, he grew disenchanted with horses and, after a few more scattered days of work on the track, gave them up for good. He also came to believe that his injuries were far worse than they were judged to be by the physicians who attended him, and applied for damages under California's workmen's compensation law.

He was suspicious of everything I was doing," recalls Dr. Richard Nelson, who was on emergency duty when Sirhan was brought to the hospital. "He didn't want any shots. He said that in the old country people told him not to have shots. We finally gave him one for tetanus. But he was in the hospital mostly for observation of possible internal injuries. There were none." A month later Sirhan complained of pain, blurring and "extreme motion" in his eyes. An eye specialist failed to find evidence of such a condition and told him he "seemed to be exaggerating." He demanded a letter verifying his injuries as a basis for a disability claim. The eye man, Dr. Milton Miller, refused. "He told me he was going to 'get me' and that I'd be sorry." Last summer Sirhan filed a disability claim for workmen's compensation and began a series of arguments with new doctors. He also found em-

ployment as a driver and stock boy for a health food store entitled Organic-Pasadena. He refused to demean himself by wearing an apron, worked hard—and quit after six months when the Holland-born owner, John Henry Weidner, questioned the order in which he was doing a series of chores. "So I'm a liar," he yelled. "I never lie."

He enjoyed one triumph: he won a \$2,000 settlement for his spill on the track. But he writhed, inwardly, at the awful setbacks Arabs endured at the hands of the Jewish blitzkrieg in the six-day desert war last summer, and gradually envisioned Robert Kennedy as the archenemy of Arabic hopes and dreams. "We argued a lot about the Jews," says Market Owner Weidner. "He hates them. He claims they are responsible for the fact that his people do not have jobs and money. I told him that I had many bad experiences with the Gestapo but that I do not hate Germans. I tried to tell him that hate eats you up. He wouldn't listen. He would just say, 'I'm a Jordanian Arab.' He was consumed with himself. If he should die for what he has done, he will go to his death believing that he, Sirhan Sirhan, was the one in the right."



Sirhan wanted to be a jockey. In 1966 he was licensed by California (top left) to be a "hot-walker"—one who walks horses after workouts. Later, as an exercise boy at a ranch in Corona, Calif., owned

by Bert Altfillisch (top right), Sirhan earned the reputation of a "real-estate buyer": he fell off horses. Further, Trainer Larry Heinemann (above) says, "He never should have been a jockey. He was too smart."



The Sirhan bungalow (above) in Pasadena is guarded by police while—half a world away—in Jerusalem the building (right) where Sirhan Sirhan was born in 1944 is now occupied by Israeli families. The fam-

ily had fled it three days after the 1948 war began. "It was a terrible thing," Sirhan's father recalls. "Sirhan used to ask me, 'Father, why did they do this? I had to leave my toys because of the Jew. The Jew

took everything. Why?' " Today an Israeli boy plays in the yard near the bricked-up windows of the basement-level apartment where the Sirhans once lived. A blind Israeli veteran now lives there.



The questioner for two Presidents

When the hurt of Robert Kennedy's death begins to subside, the void it leaves in our national life will become visible. For almost eight years he was something like the conscience of the Presidency.

For three of those years he shared in the power from within at John Kennedy's side. Historians will have a hard time delineating his exact contributions, because the relationship of these brothers had a certain mystical quality. "We're cryptic," said John Kennedy one day in the Oval Office after he had just finished a conversation with his brother which consisted of grunts and uh-huhs and mono-syllabic words and yet conveyed total understanding.

Once with certain mischief and that subdued delight which was his specialty, Jack Kennedy cradled his phone on his shoulder and told a visitor sitting across the desk, "This is Bobby . . . the second most powerful man in the country." Bob later crinkled up and countered, "Who's first, Joseph P. Kennedy?" The President's remark was a joke and also a truth. Back when he was shaping the New Frontier, John Kennedy seemed intrigued with the idea of making Arkansas Senator William Fulbright his Secretary of State. Bob had his say on that one. "This Administration is not going to have what amounts to a Southern segregationist as its Secretary of State."

Just after sunrise one morning in the early days, he walked across the dewy lawn of Hickory Hill listening to the grim report on Vietnam just brought back by Walt Rostow, who had been sent with General Maxwell Taylor to survey the trouble. Rostow had come out to brief Bobby after reporting to the President. Bob Kennedy's own voice could be heard later in the President's worried comment: "That's the worst one we've got."

The full dimensions of Bob's contributions in the Cuban missile crisis have never been described because he carried so much within him. Some who watched that drama closely believe that he, more than anyone, hammered out the final solution. He worked in the boiler room of government, which was his familiar place, forcing his colleagues to go back into more meetings and think and rethink those first easy solutions of using great force or of doing nothing. He was horrified at the thought of a bombing strike on Cuba. Wasn't there some other weapon in the vast U.S. arsenal? he asked. Bob was the one who asked the crucial question that opened the way to negotiation: Why couldn't they ignore Khrushchev's belligerent messages and respond only to his more conciliatory tone?

Bob was the supervisor of drudgery, the man who rooted out the facts and stared them down. He never denied them, and that way he infused a rare candor into the heart of government. "It's simple," said the President. "Bobby works harder, knows more and has the best judgment of anyone I know."

In the final days of the New Frontier, when John Kennedy was immersed in foreign matters, Bob was almost Assistant President for domestic affairs. He was in charge during the racially tense days at the University of Mississippi and Tuscaloosa. He began then to sense the dimensions of related problems of the Negro and poverty—and his concern became part of the national concern. Just before John Kennedy died, there were discussions between the brothers about launching a war on poverty in the second Kennedy term.

The death of his brother changed Bob Kennedy's approach. But, in many ways, it did not alter his role. One did still not have to like him or agree with him or even credit him with being right. But, even now, one could not overlook his presence. He remained a questioner of presidential policy. He still looked for facts and raised doubts. His real power was far greater than his Senate office brought. Sometimes it did not fall far short of the

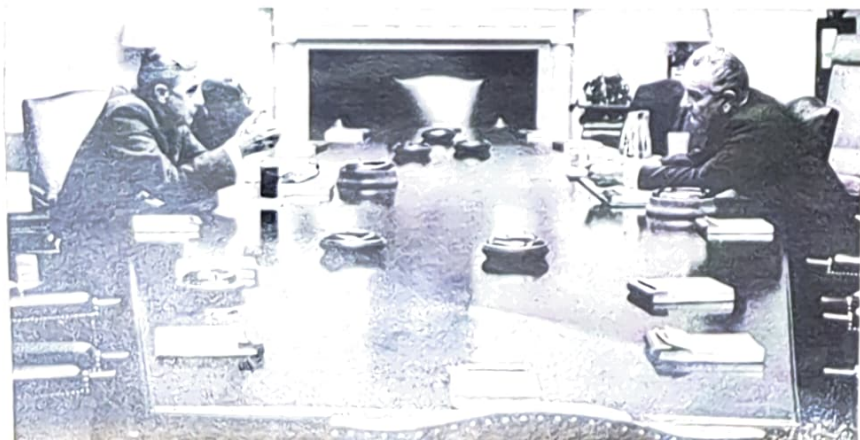
influence of President Johnson himself.

Lyndon Johnson, on one of his melancholy nights in the midst of trouble, paced the White House backyard drive and grumbled that "the Kennedy family really runs this country." During the bitter Vietnam debate, Larry O'Brien, who had served as the chief political strategist for both John Kennedy and Johnson, sat in his immense Postmaster's office and said that the only effective voice raised against the Administration was that of Robert Kennedy. The Fulbrights and the McGovern and the Churches could make speeches in the Senate, but beyond the Potomac there was hardly a ripple. When Bob Kennedy spoke up, however, there was an immediate effect, which O'Brien could detect in the precincts all across the country.

On many nights there were more of the key people of Johnson's government dining at Hickory Hill than there were in the White House. And from this grew resentments and antagonisms, both personal and political, between the forces of Johnson and Kennedy. Bob Kennedy's court became almost a quasi-public institution. Some called it a government in exile. But it was far from being in exile.

Bob Kennedy often sat in his shirt sleeves behind his Senate office desk and talked about the military and diplomatic plans of Johnson in Vietnam with such thoroughness of detail and concept that it seemed he had never been isolated from the Oval Office. His continuing connections with the government gave him instant and total information. More than anyone in the city beyond Johnson's own team, he knew the workings of the Presidency. He, more than anyone outside the Administration, cared.

From the stirrings at Hickory Hill, which became a watering place for the disenchanting and the disenfranchised, came the doubts about the war, about the direction of the massive federal housing programs, about the handout concept of welfare, about expanding further the immense, clumsy federal machine which was proving more inept every year at solving the myriad local concerns. These were doubts that many in the country had begun to feel. But when they were articulated by Robert Kennedy, they began directly to influence and change the national course.



As the business of the Presidency and the campaign resumed, President Johnson talked with Senator McCarthy in the White House, briefing him on Vietnam and the Paris negotiations.

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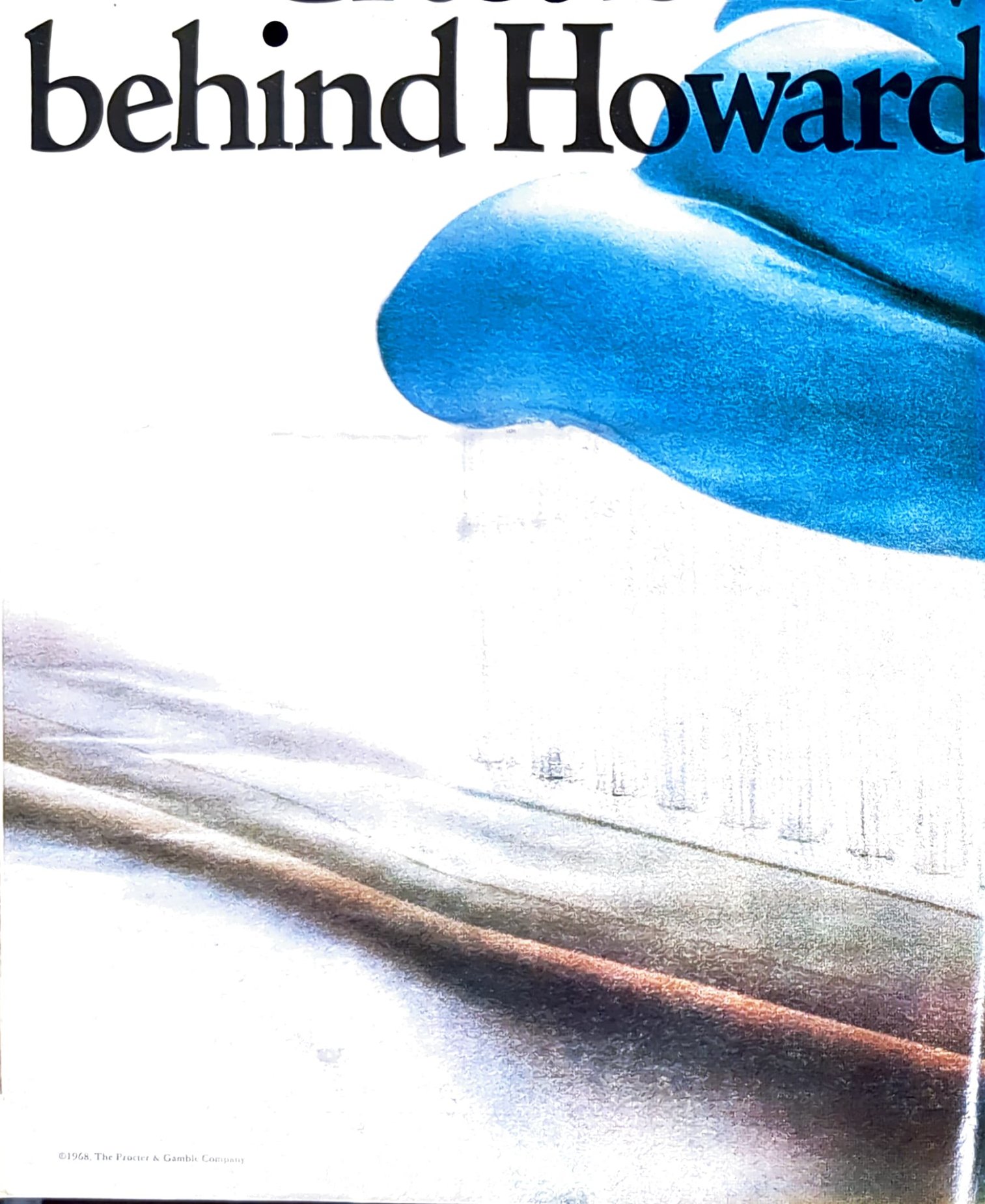
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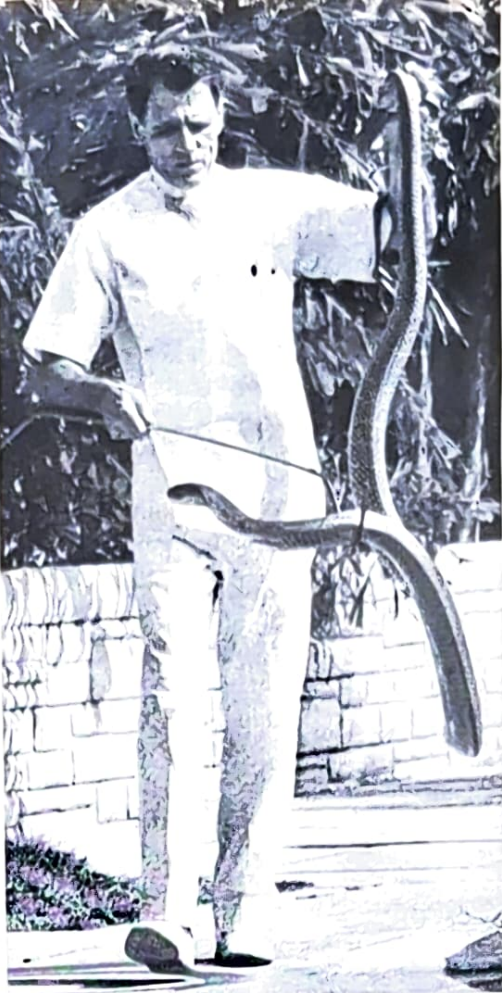


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CLOSE-UP

WILLIAM HAAST, SPARRING PARTNER TO COBRAS



Outside his serpentarium, Haast hefts a king cobra, then dodges as it tries to strike him (right).

"I became fascinated with exotic snakes because they are so dangerous and such perfect animals. The more spirited the snake is, the better I like it."



"I'm not afraid of snakes." That can be taken on faith, coming as it does from William E. Haast, a 57-year-old Floridian whose routines include playfully sparring with an angry king cobra. Haast is surely the leading authority on what it feels like to be bitten by a snake, having had the experience 104 times as director of the Miami Serpentarium, home of some 1,200 of the world's deadliest serpents. He is the only person known to have survived the bite of a king cobra—twice. Haast and his snakes are now of military interest. Because of the incidence of snakebites among Americans in Vietnam, the Pentagon has launched a research program to develop more effective antitoxins. Haast is a principal supplier of the various venoms that are under study. Disarming his captives is perilous work but, he says, "When the time comes for me to die, I will die."

Most Snake-Bitten Man

He milks venom that may help save lives in Vietnam



Haast grips king cobra just behind the head while an aide force-feeds it. At right he forces cobra to bite the rubber latex covering on glass, thereby releasing its venom.

“No snake is aggressive toward man. The only possible exceptions are the python and black racer. One gets into trouble with a snake only by accident. Snakes become aggressive only in self-defense.”



Haast removes a banded krait from its home to extract its venom and give it a week's supply of food.

“The aristocrat of poisonous snakes, of course, is the cobra. They are spectacular when they rear up with their hood spread. It seems to me that cobras display a good deal more intelligence than other snakes. I respect them. But I would never keep a snake as a pet.”

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1022

Misadventures of a walking antislake blood bank

Not long ago a Marine officer on a nighttime rescue mission in Vietnam stepped from a helicopter in a jungle clearing and almost immediately was bitten by a king cobra. Three days later Bill Haast received a phone call at the serpentarium from the Marine's parents, who had been notified by the Pentagon that their son was in critical condition. "Is it necessary that the bite of a king cobra be fatal?" the father asked.

Haast asked for more details and was told of the time that had elapsed. Haast groaned. "It's too late for me to get there," he said.

As it happened, the Marine officer had died even before word reached the parents that he had been bitten. But had Haast been notified immediately, he might have had the Air Force fly him to Saigon. Had blood types matched, a transfusion of his own blood, containing antibodies to the bite of the king cobra, might have saved the Marine's life if it had been administered within 24 hours.

As a result of the snakebites he has survived, Haast has built up immunity to so many different snake poisons that he is a walking antislake blood bank. He has been flown to Venezuela to save a boy bitten by the coral snake and has rushed to places like Jacksonville, Fla. and St. Joseph, Mo. to treat people bitten by cobras. To preserve and bolster his immunity, Haast every two weeks gives himself injections of diluted venom from such killers as the krait, the green mamba, the spitting ringhals, the coral snake and various kinds of African and Asian cobras.

To supply venom for the Pentagon's snakebite study at Walter Reed Army Research Center, Haast handles up to 200 snakes a day. Last year he collected from his horde a gallon and a half of the deadly stuff, which in bulk looks rather like orange juice. Some of it went also to civilian scientific and medical research centers which are studying the potent enzymes contained in the toxins. Results of these studies are enormously exciting. For example, pain in terminal cancer cases is being eased by cobra venom diluted 3,000 times. The venom of the Russell's viper (and its cousin, the American rattlesnake) serves as a blood coagulant, useful in dental extractions. A component called "fraction C" from the venom of

the Egyptian cobra (the kind that killed Cleopatra) may become the key to heart transplants: it is thought to inhibit the body's tendency to reject foreign tissue.

Bill Haast opened his serpentarium 20 years ago as a tourist attraction. Though he still puts on his daily sparring matches with king cobras, his interests have turned more and more to the scientific aspects of his collection. Some of his knowledge has been gained in the hardest way imaginable. For example, the first time he ever handled a tiger snake—an Australian reptile whose venom, drop for drop, is 25 times as potent as the cobra's—was last Thanksgiving Day, and the encounter almost killed him. The instant Haast reached out, the snake spun like a boomerang and bit him on the hand.

Within minutes he felt himself going. "I got a terrible pain in my forehead—almost unbelievable," he recalls. Luckily, he had antivenom for that snake on hand. It saved his life, but he spent two days in the intensive care unit of a hospital before doctors were sure he could recover. In the meanwhile he had learned all he ever wants to know about the bite of a tiger snake.

If he were a superstitious man, he would never handle a deadly snake at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. That was almost precisely the hour he was bitten by the tiger snake—and also the hour 14 years ago he was bitten by a blue krait, an experience that turned into something resembling what he has read about LSD trips.

An hour after the bite he felt a surge of exhilaration. "It was just as if I had taken a pep pill," he says. "I felt gay and buoyant. Then my sense of hearing became so acute that I could distinguish whispers two rooms away."

Hours later, in an iron lung in a Miami hospital, he felt as if the nerve ends in every part of his body were on fire. "If I so much as touched my hair," he recalls, "it felt like I was pulling it out by the roots. I'm not a poet but I found myself making up the most wonderful verses. My mind had extraordinary powers. Everything took on the most vivid colors. When someone moved an ordinary hospital chair, I saw it as a throne. Most victims of krait bite

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



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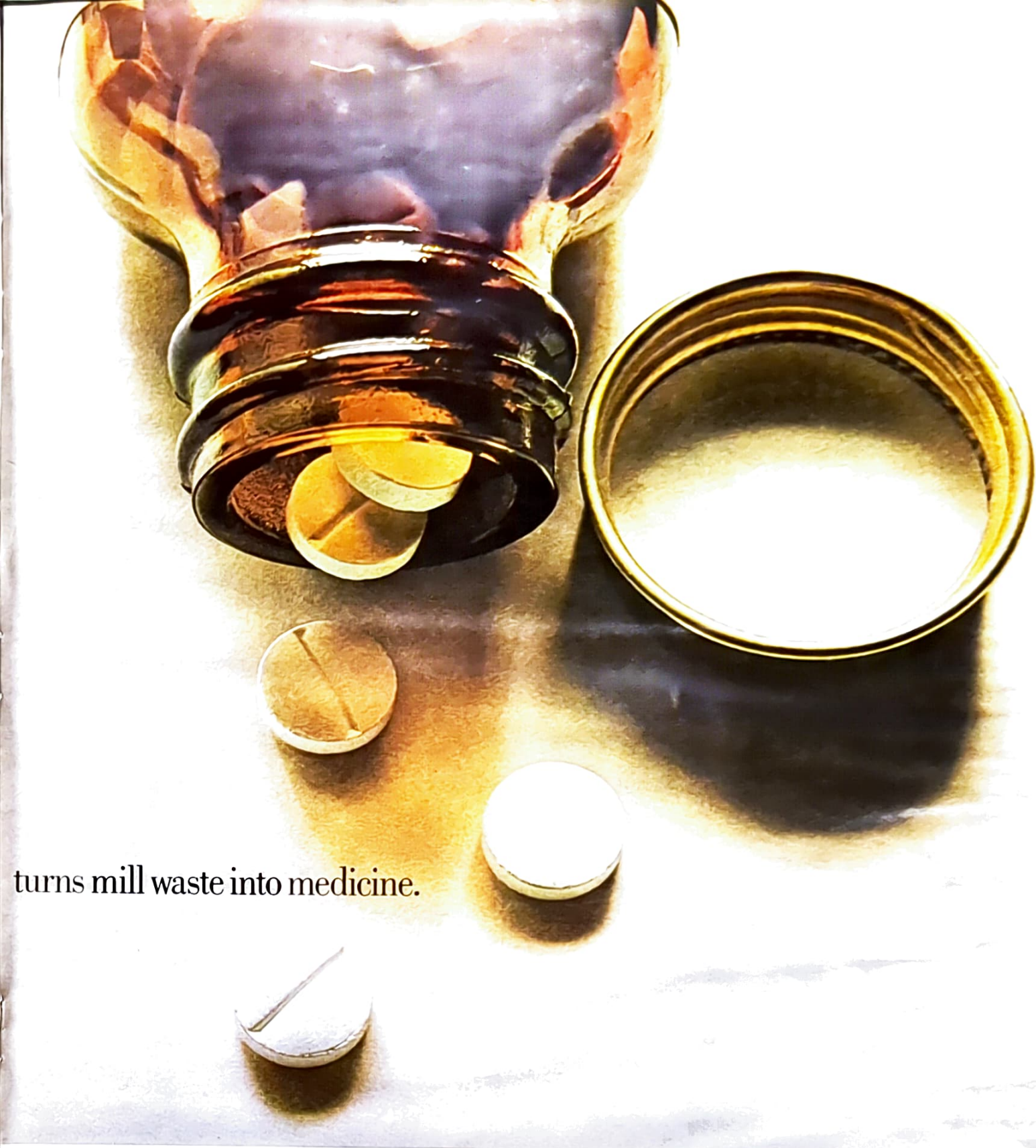
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*'I've heard the wings of
angels a time or two'*

CONTINUED

don't live long enough to experience this."

Haast has found that each snakebite produces its own special symptoms. The first time he was struck by a king cobra—it happened at 4 p.m. one day in 1962—his heart stopped and he had to be revived with adrenalin. He had no ill effects at all from the deadly *fer-de-lance*, the toxin of which attacks the red corpuscles and causes internal bleeding in people who have no immunity. But he suffered a terrible reaction from the bite of a pygmy rattlesnake, which some herpetologists hardly consider poisonous.

The closest he ever came to death was from the bite of a five-foot Siamese cobra: "The snake hung on. I couldn't get him off. He gave a good amount of venom—about a full cc., which is about 15 lethal doses. I didn't have enough immunity to withstand it." He was carried into the hospital gasping for breath. His face turned black. He couldn't move his eyes or

tongue, yet his mind was active. "I felt the presence of teams working on me and heard all the conversation," he remembers. "Drowning people are supposed to live their lives all over again just before the end. But all I experienced, just before I stopped struggling for air, was absolute relaxation and relief."

An iron lung restored his breathing and kept him alive for two days until he was able to breathe again on his own. It was an extremely close call.

Except for the bite marks on his hands, you'd never suspect that Haast had so often been so close to death. "I've heard the wings of angels a time or two," he says. "Of course, I try to be as careful as I can. I don't believe you can take unnecessary chances and still live."

To add to the odds he believes are in his favor, he jogs a mile each morning, drinks a quart of carrot juice at noon and limits himself to one meal a day, usually about midnight. There are still some snakes he has never been bitten by, and he's bound to admit he's curious.

His much-bitten hand soaking in ice, Haast in a Florida hospital recovers from the bite of a Siamese cobra he got last month.

MARSHALL SMITH





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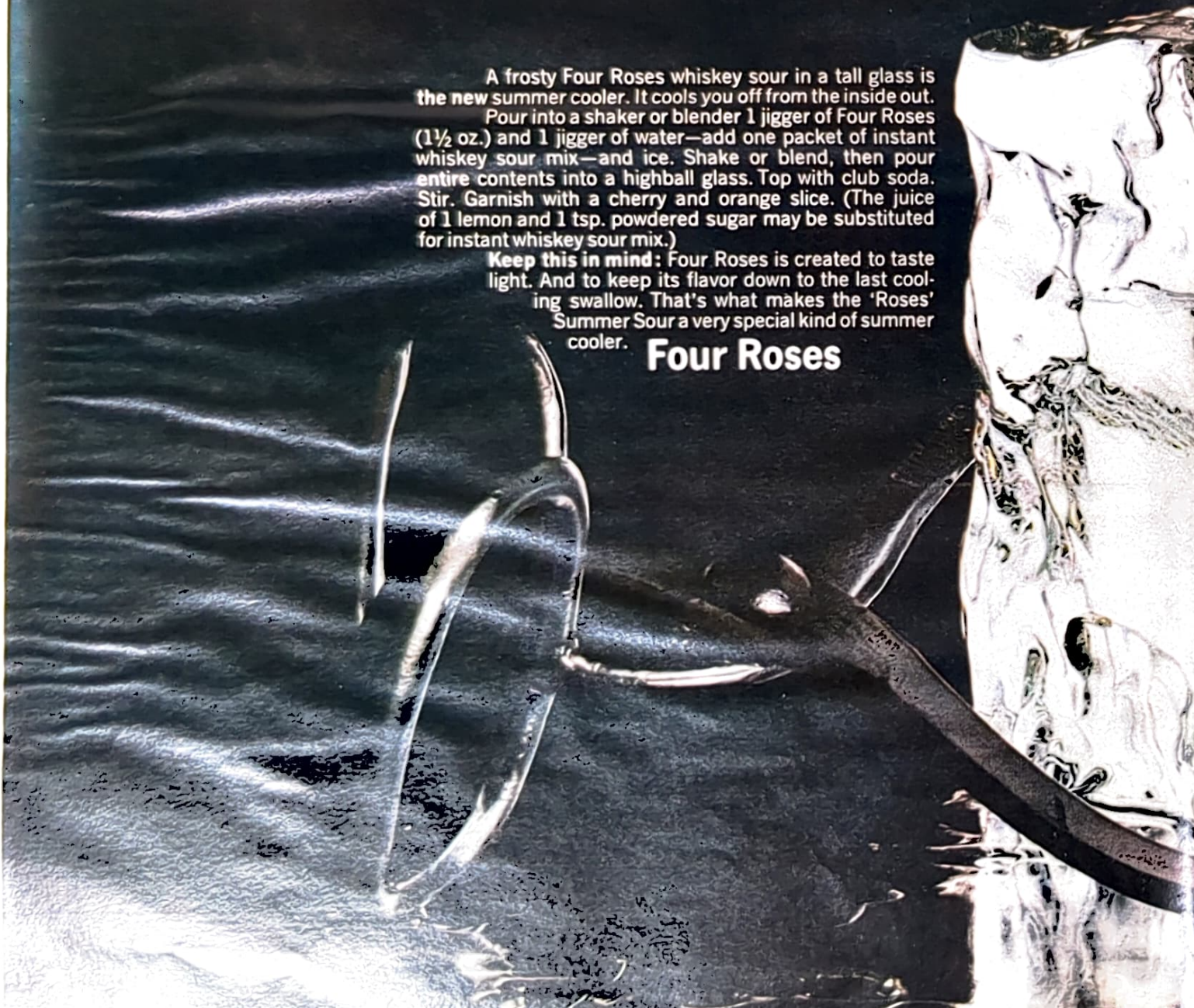
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A frosty Four Roses whiskey sour in a tall glass is the new summer cooler. It cools you off from the inside out.

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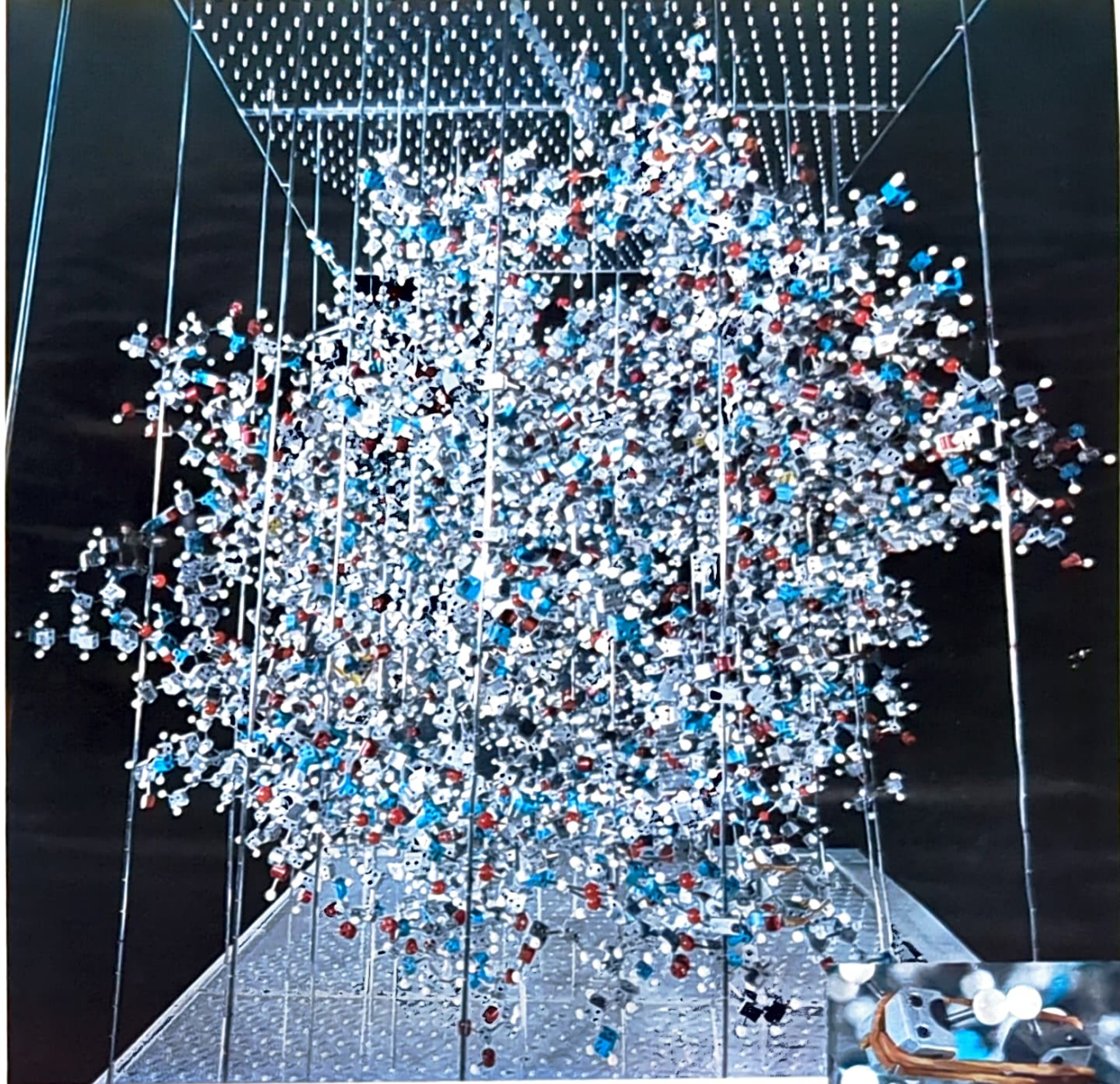




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SCIENCE

Mechanism of a Fatal Anemia

Can you imagine harboring in your bloodstream a thing like the sculpture shown above? The fact is, you are crammed full of them, by the millions and millions. This is a precise (in theory, at least) scale model, 3 feet high and magnified 127 million times, of a molecule of hemoglobin, the oxygen-transporting substance that gives blood its color. It took Dr. Makio Murayama, a research biochemist at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda, Md., six years of evening and weekend work to build it out of some 45,000 bits of plas-

tic, aluminum and steel. In so doing, he solved one of the mysteries of an inevitably fatal blood disease called sickle-cell anemia, which attacks one out of every 400 Negro babies born in the U.S. By studying the model and its components, which represent carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and other chemicals linked into the 574 amino acids found in human hemoglobin, Dr. Murayama was able to discover why red blood cells in victims of the disease take on their "sickle moon" shape. The peculiar configuration, he found,



A detail of this scale model shows the link-up—indicated by rubber bands—of two amino acids in the "looping" pattern which, multiplied millions of times, causes red blood cells to become sickle-shaped.

is caused by a "looping" effect between two amino acids, which results in the formation of slender strands of hemoglobin. These in turn tend to elongate the corpuscle. From this discovery he proceeded to a far more dramatic one: the first effective treatment for the disease (*following page*).



Magnified 1,000 times, these "sickled" blood cells are a characteristic of the disease. At right, Dr. Murayama explains how hemoglobin stacks up to produce this shape.

Disease that pressure helps to relieve

Sickle-cell anemia is an inherited disease that goes back thousands of years in Africa, where even today it is prevalent. (A kindred ailment called thalassemia, or Mediterranean anemia, in which red cells become thin, is found among Italians, Greeks, Syrians and Armenians, and their U.S.-born offspring.) At some point in the evolution process, the tendency of red blood cells to form sickles became a genetic characteristic. Sickle-cell anemia can be transmitted only when both parents have the sickle trait but do not themselves actively suffer from the disease. These individuals are called "carriers," and two out of every 25 American Negroes have this trait.

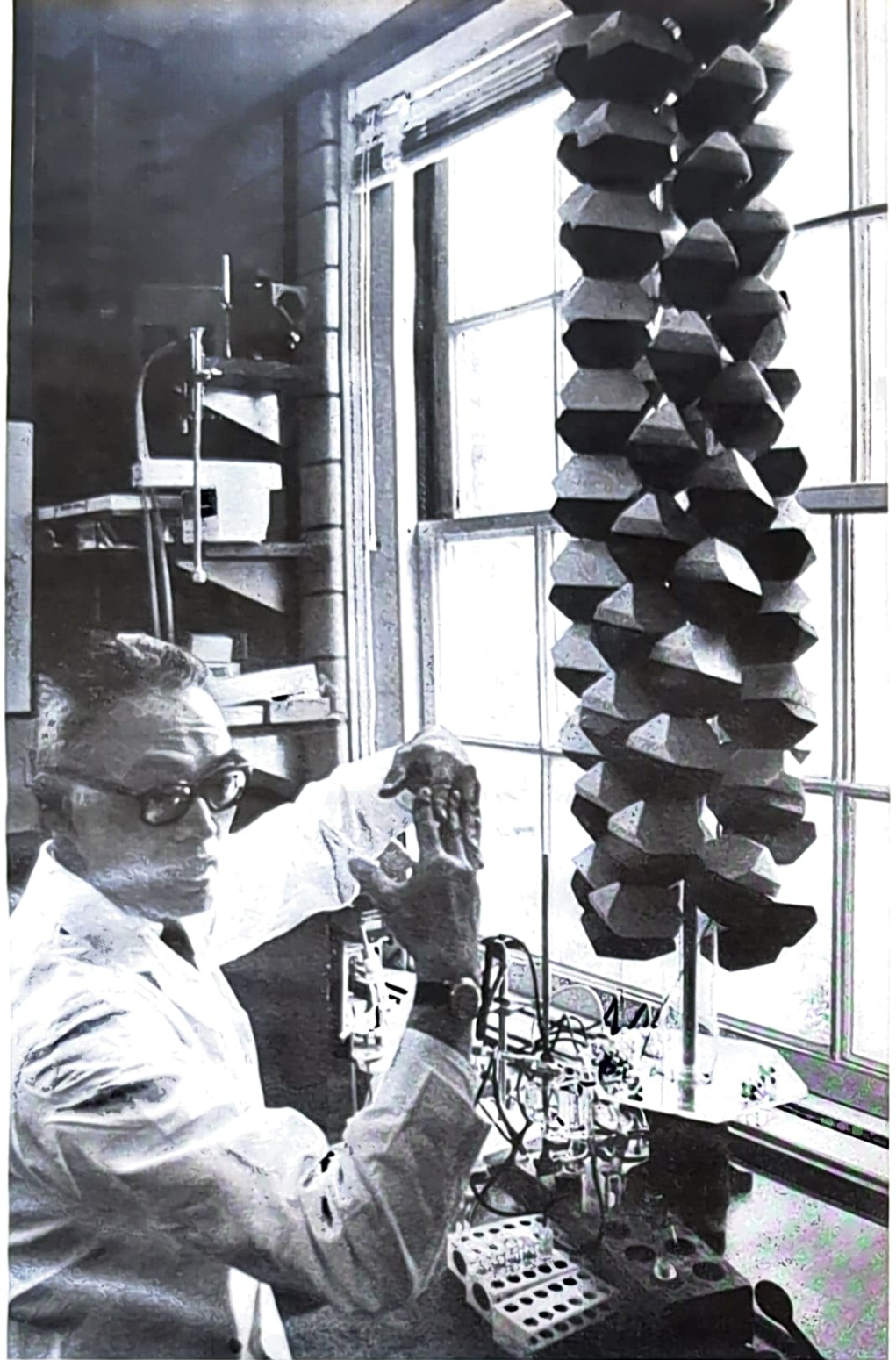
Acute pain in the extremities is a characteristic feature and comes in periodic attacks which, for unknown reasons, then subside. These occur when the oxygen level in the blood stream drops and the normally round blood cells form the sickle shapes that pile up in the body's smaller vessels. The only treatment in the past has been to administer heavy doses of pain-killing drugs, then wait for nature mysteriously to "unsickle" the cells.

Once Dr. Murayama had figured out the sickling mechanism

on his model—and verified his hypothesis by observing actual sickle cells under an electron microscope—subsequent experiments showed him how to break the "looping" pattern of the affected amino acids. By exposing the sickled cells to increased pressure, the bonds holding the amino acids broke apart. That simple.

Just recently Dr. Richard Bing of Wayne State University in Detroit placed a man with sickle-cell anemia in a sealed chamber

and raised the atmospheric pressure. Almost immediately the pain in the patient's arms and legs stopped—though it did slowly return after the treatment had ended. The next big step will be to find a way to eliminate sickling by changing the faulty genetic coding that produces it.





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Non-belted tires stretch while they're being inflated—and even later, when they're on the road.

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If tire fails from road hazards or defects, we will exchange it for a new one during the life of the original tread, charging only for tread used. Charge will be pro-rata share of the then current regular selling price plus F.E.T. Nail punctures repaired at no charge.

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Speaking out at an advisory board meeting, Mrs. Geraldine Johnson—herself an assistant to the school superintendent—urges members

to continue giving the personal attention which the overworked teachers don't have time for: "You have to go the last mile."

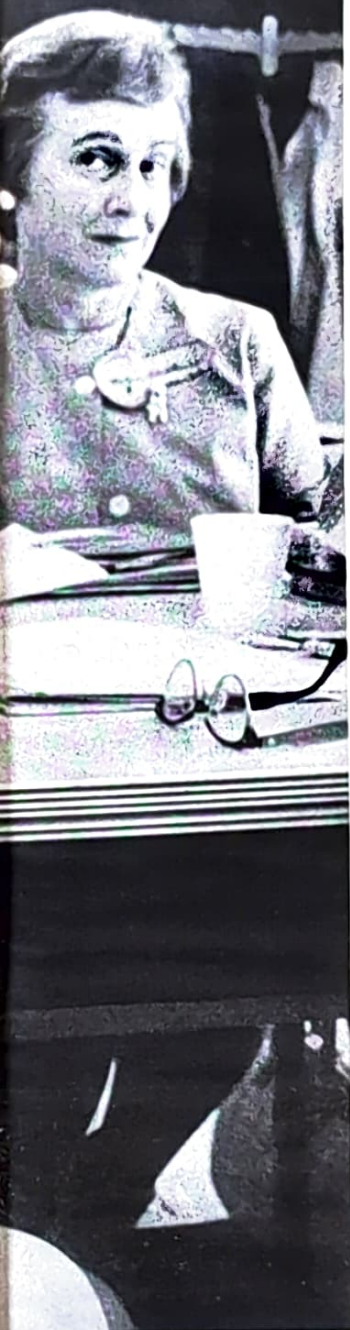
**Bridgeport Volunteers face
the question: What can I do
about race and poverty?**

Some Who Find a Useful Answer

Photographed by GEORGE SILK

Across lines of color and class, Americans are being united by the urgency of a single question—"What can I do?" It is directed at those linked problems of race and poverty which many citizens, shocked by the urban riots and the death of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., now see as their immediate personal responsibility. Here LIFE gives an answer—useful and fulfilling—that has been found in industrial Bridgeport, Conn. In future issues LIFE will report on efforts elsewhere, for there are as many potential answers as there are people concerned enough to ask the question.

The Bridgeport project, the School Volunteer Association, aims at a central cause of the cycle of poverty and despair: the quality of education in city schools. The program emphasizes the reading skills that are key both to future education and employment. The association, which is four years old, has enlisted 373 Volunteers, both black and white, and demands no special talents of them—only a spontaneous desire to help and the spunk to stick it out. Reading tutors take an intensive 10-week course. Others, after individual orientation and training sessions, teach weekly art, drama and dance classes that provide experience in abstract concepts essential to reading improvement. The results have been marked—grades improved, children more stable. "It's an academic tender loving care that you couldn't buy," says the pleased school superintendent. The association manages on an annual budget of less than \$2,000, plus contributions in services and materials from the business community. None of the Volunteers is paid. Their fee, says one, is "the feeling of humanity at being involved."



Hand on head, board member Dr. H. Parker Lansdale (right) confronts the familiar dilemma—how to meet next year's budget.



Volunteer dramatics teacher Mrs. Phyllis Cohen (above) welcomes Mrs. Meadowlark Lemon (center), a new volunteer, to the classroom. Mrs. Lemon of Fairfield signed up after her husband, the Harlem

Globetrotters basketball star, taught some of his trick shots to Mrs. Cohen's drama class. At right, promising eighth-graders paint oil still-lives under guidance of Volunteer Mrs. Barbara Nerreau.





Unable to find a babysitter, Mrs. Pat Cervone (above) brings along her daughter Amy, 2, who joins mother's creative dance class for second-graders. At left, a Volunteer from the neighborhood, Mrs. Pearllee Elliott, sits on the floor with a group of 4-year-olds at a "little school" which prepares them for kindergarten. The School Volunteers, begun by a handful of white suburban mothers, has made a special effort to recruit workers in school neighborhoods. Members now include dozens of neighborhood Volunteers—Negroes, Puerto Ricans and whites. During school hours at 28 different schools, the Volunteers conduct a reading improvement program, staff libraries which would not exist without them and teach courses in the arts which would not be given without them.

Things that
would not
be done
without them

Teaching children how to read and how to be a daffodil

Second-graders learn from Mrs. Paula Nagourney the delicate art of being a daffodil—hands unfolding from the bulb, opening to an imaginary sun and outstretched in full bloom. This class enables children to express emotions and also learn muscular control which experts believe is important in mastering basic reading skills.





Third-grader Sharon Young (left) takes a reading lesson from her volunteer teacher, Mrs. Joan Sylvetski. Sharon studies a word card (far left), offers her answer, listens as Mrs. Sylvetski reads the correct answer, then beams up at her instructor, who always seems to know everything.





On tours of Bridgeport businesses, led by the School Volunteers, youngsters see for themselves the kinds of jobs available to them—if

they will finish high school. Above, playing long-distance operator at the Southern New England Telephone Company, seventh-

grader Barbara Booker plugs in a call to New York City. At Coulter & McKenzie Machine Company (right), 14-year-old Eugene Clark

A future for students who stick with school



visits a machine shop where some skilled workers make more than \$10,000 a year—and envisions a future that is suddenly wide open.

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There's that Bandit, in the cup again. Home ahead of everybody. If you think The Bandit's tough out on the fairway... outshooting, outdistancing, outrunning all the other balls, you should see him head for home. Murder around that green. Doesn't know the meaning of the word "away." Consistency. That's what does it. Our quality control makes sure that every Titleist is exactly like every other Titleist. And that's exactly what a golfer wants, isn't it?



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VOLUNTEERS CONTINUED

Planning, hard work—and pitfalls

"You have to ask yourself one question when you go into a thing like this," says Mrs. Virginia Rider, who helped found the Bridgeport School Volunteers. "Do you really mean business? Too many groups think they're going to save the ghetto in two months."

When the organizers of the Bridgeport project—mostly white suburban housewives—decided something had to be done about the drastic increase in school drop-outs, they first put in a year and a half of hard planning and preparation. They consulted professors of education at the major universities, interviewed inner-city parents and held continuing discussions with the Bridgeport Board of Education. They decided to start small—a prekindergarten in a basement room and 10 volunteers in one antiquated, overcrowded elementary school. "We had to do our tutoring on a stair landing which we called 'the crow's nest,'" recalls Mrs. Adrienne Lobovits. "The only place I could find to hold my first class in creative dramatics was the cloakroom, and we went there to act out Casey at the Bat."

Though the original volunteer group has grown to 373 workers in 28 schools, the volunteers have maintained their painstaking caution and make-do spirit. Lacking funds, paid staff and office facilities, they are forced to call on the entire community. Policy is set by a 53-member advisory board that includes the mayor, clergy and business, labor and civic leaders. The tab for postage is picked up by the Chamber of Commerce, the monthly newsletter reproduced in the office of a cooperative dentist, and pencils provided by a bank.

Unlike many grass-roots efforts that founder on conflict, the volunteers go out of their way to avoid competing with the school system. School officials sit on the volunteers' advisory board, and the

school system has been encouraged to take over and expand successful programs initiated and run by the volunteers, notably prekindergarten classes and school libraries. The volunteers also make a point of encouraging other organizations—the Junior League, the National Council of Jewish Women, the American Association of University Women, church groups—to operate their own programs under volunteer auspices.

The most delicate relationship is with the teachers themselves, who traditionally defend their classrooms against invasions by outsiders. A new volunteer starts out by making clear to her class that she is not a teacher, and she must follow the policy of never criticizing a teacher publicly. One volunteer was delighted when the school's principal joined in a basketball pantomime being acted out by her youngsters, then worried when he disappeared without a word. It turned out he had bent over too rapidly and split his pants.

The volunteers sometimes feel caught between their own creative exuberance and the school's demand for discipline. One lunchtime dramatics class, riding a make-believe bus, broke into a spontaneous and raucous rock 'n' roll song. "I just gave up," says the volunteer. "It was wonderful, but all the time I was thinking the principal wouldn't like it."

The volunteers are acutely conscious of the need to enlist volunteers from the inner-city neighborhoods where the schools are. To avoid possible embarrassment among potential recruits, they have revised their application form to eliminate questions about educational background or husband's occupation. "You have to kind of hook them gradually," says Mrs. Geraldine Johnson, a school official who is Negro. "We start out by encouraging them to chaperone field trips to museums and parks,

and hope that they will take their own families there later."

Because of their color, Negro volunteers often win quicker acceptance from the children and bring special insights to the classroom. One noticed that schoolbook illustrations depicted only white children and helped the teacher find new books that show youngsters of both races.

The volunteers also are sharply aware of the social differences caused by poverty and race. They have learned that inner-city mothers often are reluctant to volunteer because they cannot afford a baby-sitter or simply do not have the tradition of spare-time involvement so common in the middle class. The special problems of children from homes broken by poverty are presented to recruits at orientation sessions. "The first thing we are told," says a volunteer, "is to advise children 'to ask someone at home to help you'—but not to say their mother and never their father." The group is also careful with labels. One speaker miffed Negro volunteers by referring to "the disadvantaged." A newspaper story following the program backfired the following day when volunteers faced an icy reception from teachers and children who resented the headline's reference to "slum kids." "We try not to put kids in categories like culturally deprived," says Mrs. Marcia Jenison. "We don't know what their I.Q.'s are and we're glad we don't."

For all its success, the project has sobered the rosy expectations of many volunteers. "Now I see the separation more clearly than ever, which saddens me," says Mrs. Jenison, whose three children attend an all-white school in Fairfield. "I don't want to be 'that nice white lady' who helps out poor Negro children. It's not the kind of world I want to live in."

RONALD BAILEY

Directory of How To Help:

Numbers to call wherever you live

The list below, compiled by LIFE, performs a unique service: if you want to work in a school, it will tell you where to apply. When school reconvenes next fall, volunteer help will be needed all across the country in programs ranging from remedial reading and library work to administering eye tests. If your area is not listed here, call your local board of education for information.

ALABAMA Anniston: Remedial reading, Mrs. Catherine Killebrew, 237-1695. Florence: Remedial reading, Mrs. Gerald Wade, 764-8350 or Mrs. Dean Goodall, 764-1411. Gadsden: Remedial reading, Mrs. William Talley, 546-1008. Huntsville: Art appreciation, social studies, Mrs. George Cooper, 534-1836. Montgomery: Speech therapy, Miss Helen Boll, 265-0132.

ALASKA Anchorage: Art, dance, drama, journalism, music, Leonard A. Glover, 277-5511. Fairbanks: Arts and crafts, library, Dr. Charles Lafferty, 456-6676. Ketchikan: Arts and crafts, reme-

dial reading, music appreciation, Jack Hayward, 225-2118.

ARIZONA Statewide Vanguard Volunteer Program: Teaching aides; administering placement, vision, hearing tests, library, Mrs. Dorothy V. Gilbert, 271-5281 or Mrs. Earl W. McCoy Jr., 275-1971, Phoenix.

CALIFORNIA Almost every school has an adult volunteer program, operated under the general guidance of the Office of Compensatory Education, State Department of Education, Sacramento. Wilson C. Riles, 445-2590, Miss Ruth Holloway, 445-9730 or your

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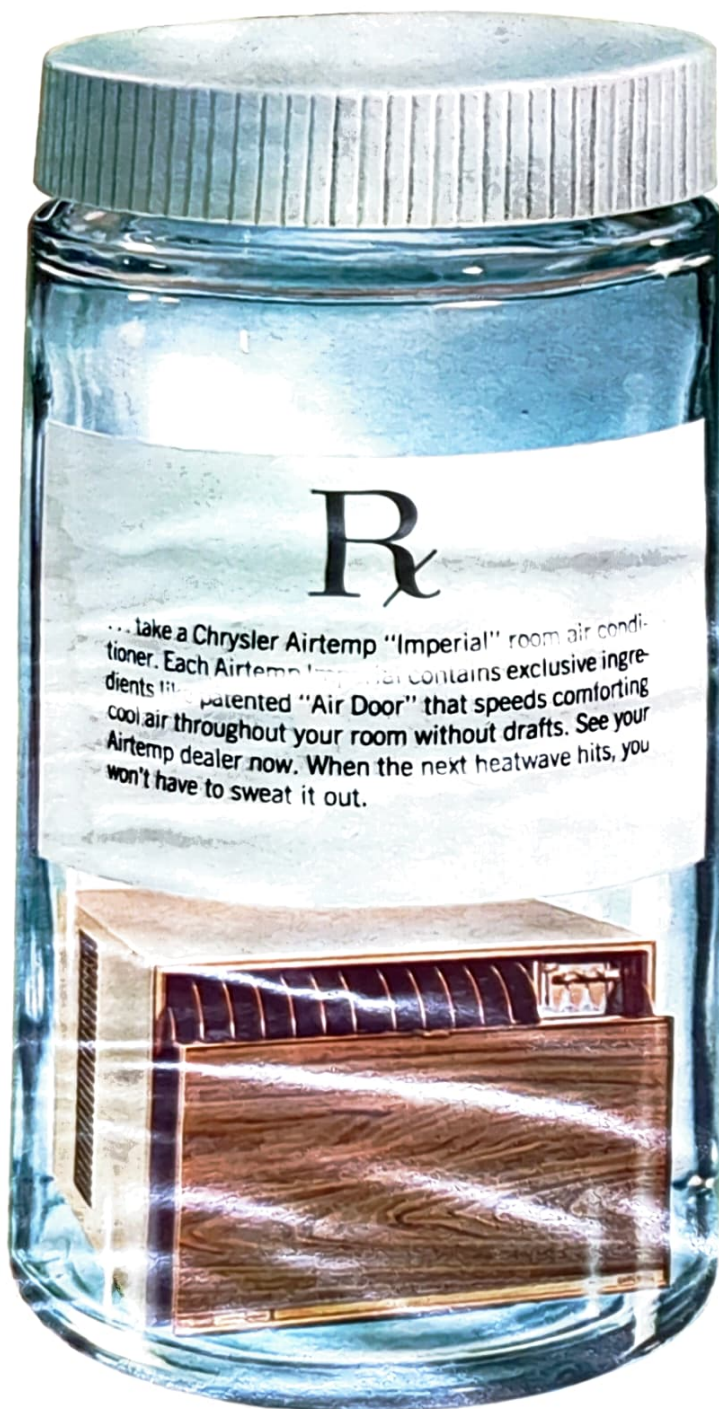
How come with over \$50,000 invested and a winner's purse of \$177,000 at stake, Bobby used \$1 Autolite spark plugs? Simple. There are no better plugs. Not at any price.

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hot, sleepless nights



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Directory of How To Help

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local school district coordinator.

CONNECTICUT Bridgeport: Mrs. Louise Hine, 375-9753. Danbury: Tutoring, library, storytelling, art, English. Mrs. William Goodman, 748-5685. Hartford: Starting general programs. Dr. Robert Miles, 527-4191.

DELAWARE Wilmington: Tutoring, teaching aides. Mrs. Jane M. Hornburger, 654-3181, ext. 394. Arden: Summer program. Lawrence Schein, 475-7838.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA Reading tutoring, library, art, music, teaching aides for mentally retarded, enrichment programs. Mrs. Marguerite C. Selden, 629-3432, 629-3202 or Mrs. Joan Benesch, 363-7563.

FLORIDA Orlando: Reading tutoring, office work, library, music. Mrs. R. O. Nevin, 277-4862 or Mrs. S. A. Simpson, 275-0245.

IDAHO Statewide programs: For children of migrant workers, language development. Mrs. Ardis Snyder, 344-5811, ext. 570. Tutoring reading and math. Loren Hicks, 344-5871, ext. 248, both in Boise.

ILLINOIS Chicago: Teaching aides, preparing audio-visual materials, science equipment, art supplies. Mrs. Rachel S. Lamoreaux, DE 2-7800, ext. 400 or 240.

KANSAS Kansas City: Special program for handicapped children. Dr. Richard Welan, EN 2-4352.

KENTUCKY Louisville: Mechanical drawing, economics, dance, art, music, creative writing, public speaking. Mrs. Sidney Meyer, 895-3878.

LOUISIANA New Orleans: Tutoring. School Volunteers Office, 524-8592.

MAINE Falmouth: Tutoring reading and math, library. Mrs. William E. Hillfrank, 797-4278. Millinocket: Library. Robert Pelletier, 723-8829. Portland: Library, health care, other programs this fall. Clyde Bartlett, 774-8221, ext. 349 and 350.

MARYLAND Baltimore: Starting general programs. Lester Wallace, 467-4000, ext. 2530.

MASSACHUSETTS Boston: Tutoring reading and math, conversational English, teaching aides, library, enrichment programs. Mrs. Edna Koretsky, 267-4632. Cambridge: Similar to Boston, 492-7046, 876-3937, 876-8446. Worcester: Similar to Boston. Mrs. J. Lincoln Spaulding, 798-3459.

MICHIGAN Ann Arbor: Tutoring. Evelyn Moore, NO 5-0694. Battle Creek: General programs. Assistant superintendent or director of special programs, 962-5581. Detroit: Remedial and enrichment programs. Mrs. Roselynn Yergan, 931-2400, ext. 3. Flint: Tutoring, health programs. Mrs. Ross W. Crawley, 232-8897. Career encouragement for junior boys. Melvin E. Gregory, CL 4-4923. Teaching materials, tutoring. Mrs. Doris Kirkland, 238-1631, ext. 411. Lansing: Preschool, language development. Mrs. Dorothy Sill, 485-5439.

MINNESOTA Minneapolis: Tutoring. Mrs. Ellen Hughes, 522-0187. St. Paul: Tutoring, field trips, plays. Clyde Manchester, 645-0571.

MISSOURI St. Louis: Tutoring, chamber music, theatricals, storytelling, careers. Mrs. June Baehr, CL 1-3720.

MONTANA Missoula: Reading tutoring. William Rolshoven, 543-3434. Library. Mrs. Peggy Gadow, 549 6403.

NEBRASKA Lincoln: Library. Bill Robertson, 475-1081. Omaha: Reading clinic. Ronald Meyer, 345-9113.

NEW HAMPSHIRE Manchester: Starting programs in tutoring, enrichment. Mrs. Peter Freedman, 622-5711.

NEW JERSEY Englewood: Tutoring. Mrs. Joan Mettizer, 568-7100, ext. 13.

NEW MEXICO Statewide tutoring program: Dr. Mildred Fitzpatrick, State Department of Education, Santa Fe, 827-2441. Albuquerque: Library. Public school personnel division, 842, 8211. Santa Fe: Library. John Hasted, 982-2631 or personnel office, State Department of Education, 827-2429.

NEW YORK New York City: Year-round programs in reading tutoring, English, prekindergarten, enrichment programs. 563-5624. Ithaca: Tutoring, field trips, art, music. Mrs. Edwina E. Deveau, 274-2101. Rochester: Tutoring. Mrs. Alice C. Salzberg, 544-6140.

NORTH DAKOTA Fargo: Teaching aides. Dr. Kenneth Underwood, 235-6461. Grand Forks: Kindergarten, office work, grading papers. Dr. Wayne Worner, 775-5631.

OHIO Cincinnati: Reading tutoring, enrichment programs. Mrs. Vivian D. Adams, 621-7010, ext. 366. Cleveland: Tutoring, teaching aides, library. Mrs. Marjorie Butera, 579-0600, ext. 522. Reading tutoring. Robert Jewell, 781-5250.

OREGON Eugene: After-school programs. Robert Lee, 342-5611, ext. 231. Portland: Reading tutoring, enrichment programs. Mrs. Charles Lutton, 236-5900.

PENNSYLVANIA Philadelphia: Tutoring reading and math, language development, library, office work, enrichment programs. Mrs. Doris B. Wilson, 448-3322 or 448-3326. Pittsburgh: Tutoring reading and math, library, teaching aides. Mrs. Barbara Weiss, 441-1619. Prekindergarten, after-school tutoring. Mrs. Robert Frumetman, 421-6118.

RHODE ISLAND Providence: Tutoring, teaching aides, library, storytelling. Mrs. Beverly Hall or Mrs. Andrew Stanley, 831-0220.

SOUTH CAROLINA Columbia: Program for visually handicapped, tutoring. Mrs. Broadus Thompson, 254-9900. Greenville: Special program for boys. Joseph Adair, 253-7322. Hartselle: Tutoring. Mrs. Mary Jane McDonald, 332-5402.

TENNESSEE Nashville-Davidson County: Tutoring, enrichment programs. M. D. Neely, 747-5148.

VERMONT Tutoring, teaching aides, library in many school districts. Walter Gallagher, State Dept. of Education, Montpelier, 223-2311.

VIRGINIA Richmond: Prekindergarten, reading tutoring, storytelling, field trips, enrichment programs. Mrs. Virgie Binford, 649-5341.

WASHINGTON Pasco: Tutoring reading and math, teaching aides. Dr. Lewis Ferrari, 547-9531. Seattle: Tutoring reading and math, enrichment programs, book club. Mrs. Virginia Bigelow, EA 2-5365. Tacoma: Reading tutoring, library. Assistant superintendent for personnel, TU 3-1811.

WEST VIRGINIA Kanawha County: Tutoring, counseling. Mrs. William M. Smith, 925-9894. Reading clinic. Mrs. Mose Boirsky, 342-3849.

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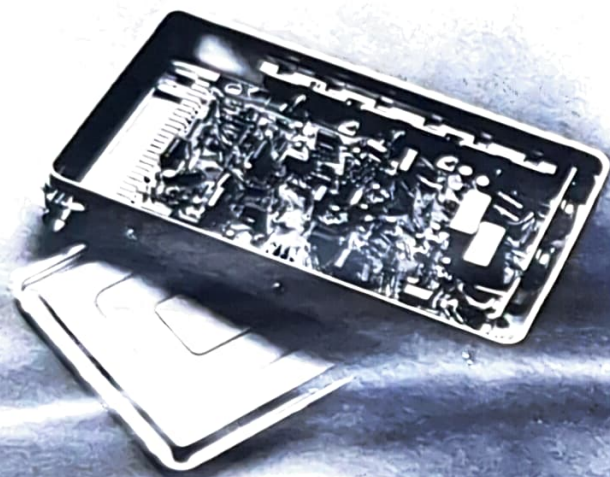
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Finally, it's too prudent to pollute the air.

(No unburnt fuel around the engine means no unburnt fuel to evaporate in the atmosphere. Even the pollution from exhaust fumes is greatly reduced.)

Just think. When you get a carburetorless VW Squareback or VW Fastback, you not only become the proud possessor of a sound body.

But of a brilliant mind.



A young science offers insight
and a potential of remedy for a worried society

The Psycho-biology of Violence

by ALBERT ROSENFELD

Senator Robert Kennedy had just been shot in Los Angeles that morning when a young man came into Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston looking for help. "I am going to shoot my stepfather," he told the doctor. He was carrying a bulky bundle which, when unwrapped, turned out to be a disassembled rifle. "I know I shouldn't shoot him," he went on. "I know it's wrong, and I don't want to do it. But I know I'm going to, unless you help me. Can you help me?"

Luckily the young man had come to one of the few places where he could find help. He was sent instantly to a special clinic set up in the hospital for the study of violent behavior. It was organized last year by a team of medical scientists attached to Harvard Medical School, Massachusetts General Hospital and Boston City Hospital. Their specialty is a new one: psychobiology. The field they are exploring is the psychobiology of violence.

The roots of violence may be psychiatric—the result, for instance, of upbringing or social environment; or they may be biological, perhaps caused by some disorder of the brain or nervous system; or they may most frequently be a combination of these and other factors. The psychobiological approach, new as it is, is gaining adherents so fast that it might almost be called a movement. It is an interdisciplinary, many-pronged assault that involves not only psychologists and biologists but also psychiatrists, sociologists, surgeons, neurologists, geneticists, pharmacologists, other biomedical specialists, and even students of animal behavior. The new University of California campus at Irvine has even established an official department of psychobiology.

The shooting of Robert Kennedy increased the concern and the debates over the possible effects of the climate of violence that pervades today's world, where real life and fictional—as in the popular movie *Bonnie and Clyde*—are filled with images of brutality. This climate of violence is an important aspect of the problem, but

it is from the new and original insights of psychobiology that the President's new commission on violence is likely to get its most helpful information.

The group in Boston consists at the moment of half a dozen researchers, including two well-known neurosurgeons, Dr. William Sweet and Dr. Vernon H. Mark, and an outstanding psychiatrist, Dr. Frank R. Ervin, who serves as full-time head of the group. There is an existing institute for the study of violence at Brandeis University which has so far concerned itself mainly with racial conflicts. Dr. Ervin's group gives its principal attention instead to individual acts of violence and to the possibility that the cause may often be found in some malfunction of the body or brain. In the 50-or-so cases they have so far had the opportunity to study in some depth, they have already found a startling frequency of correlation between deviant behavior and brain damage.

In every classic concept of the violent personality, the impulses to rage and aggression have always been intimately linked with frustration. Yet frustration alone cannot account for them. In a family of brothers and sisters raised by the same parents under the same frustrating circumstances, some will be violent and some not. In a slum neighborhood, everyone may live under the same frustrating set of pressures and tensions, but only a small minority will engage in rioting, and even among the rioters only a handful will actually burn

down a building or assault another person. Thus psychobiology proceeds on the premise that violent acts are carried out by violent individuals, even if the individuals are part of a mob.

Even when the study of violence is restricted to individuals, the causes are not simple to pinpoint. "A violent individual," says Dr. Ervin, "tends to come from a violent family. But what conclusion can we draw from that? We could conclude that his violent tendencies are inherited. But we could just as easily decide that he was influenced by the violent atmosphere in which he was raised—or that he was hit on the head so hard and so often as a child that his brain must be damaged."

Whatever the complexities of violent behavior, the cause and the remedy do seem to lie in the brain, which governs all an individual does, consciously or unconsciously. Most of us, when we

think about our brains, think of the conscious mind—the reasoning, logical intellect. But this aspect of the mind resides largely in the cerebral cortex, the top layer of the brain most recently laid down in the process of human evolution. Below the cortex lies the more ancient brain. Located at various sites in this primitive brain are the centers that spur us to anger and violence.

In many experiments with animals and a few with people, these sites in the brain have been precisely located. Stimulating them electrically or chemically can turn on rage and violence. Drugs or radio signals can turn them off. Dr. José M. R. Delgado of Yale has done many experiments with monkeys in free-roving colonies. The monkeys have tiny electrodes implanted in key areas of the brain. The doctor can, by pushing a button and sending a radio signal, induce a peaceful monkey to go into a rage and attack other monkeys. When he releases the button, the monkey is peaceful again. Dr. Delgado's most impressive demonstration occurred in a Spanish bull ring, where, standing in the path of a furiously charging bull, he calmly pushed a button and stopped the charge cold.

People are of course not animals. And in normal people the conscious mind has control over the primitive brain so that violent impulses are released or sup-

CONTINUED



The casual acceptance of violence, epitomized in the movie *Bonnie and Clyde* (right, Bonnie is gunned down), creates a climate which some scientists believe can arouse susceptible people to violent acts

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pressed on command. We are violent only when we choose to be. When threatening circumstances trigger our defenses into a state of belligerence, we commit acts of violence—acts which may be socially and legally sanctioned. Ordinarily, we have good impulse control. But there are people who have what Dr. Ervin and Dr. Mark call "poor impulse control." Something out of the ordinary seems to be happening in their primitive brain areas.

Most of the people studied at the Boston clinic have poor impulse control and a history of repeated violent episodes. They are often fantastically destructive of property, and they may beat their wives, husbands or children with astonishing ferocity. One young wife who came in recently for help said that she had assaulted her husband—fortunately a very large, very tolerant man—537 times in the last six years, with everything from fists to dishes to furniture. Violent people also frequently vent their impulses through sexual assault or multiple automobile accidents.

Most psychiatrists, including Dr. Ervin himself, would hesitate at this point to put forth a theory of violent behavior based solely on the presence of brain damage. Traditionally, the key to the problem of violence is believed to lie in a patient's personality traits, which are shaped by his past experience. Dr. Ervin can roughly sketch a composite psychiatric portrait of the typical violent patient he and his colleagues see at the Massachusetts General clinic. There are striking exceptions, especially in people who did not begin to be violent until they suffered brain injuries as adults. But the typical individual nearly always has "poor self-identity." He comes from a troubled home and has ambivalent feelings toward his mother—love, hate, dependence and resentment all at the same time. His poor impulse control extends to more than acts of violence. He may have little self-discipline in any area of his life. He tends to gamble and drink too much, and his sexual impulses, though often confused, are seldom repressed.

The violent person also has an extreme response to fantasy. Reading a book or seeing a play, he becomes totally absorbed in it, losing himself in the action. Watching a violent movie, he may twist his wife's arm or leg until she screams without realizing he is doing it. His overriding characteristic, and the one which brings him to the clinic in the first place, is his quick and uncontrollable rage. Though he usually has a "reason"

for it, the reason can be incredibly flimsy: he may do major violence in response to a minor or imagined slight. A man may knock his wife across the room because she burned the toast. A mother may beat her baby black and blue because the baby's crying annoyed her. A teen-age girl may smash her room into a total shambles because her brother asked her to turn down the record player. Yet, between bouts of violence, this man or woman may be mild-mannered, charming and altogether likable. Once the rage is gone and the damage done, there may be a flood of guilt and contrition, sometimes followed by a near-suicidal depression.

How does this compare with the composite psychiatric portrait of an assassin? Many psychiatrists have tried to draw such a portrait, based on studies of assassins and those who have attempted or threatened assassination. This composite individual turns out to be very much like the violent pa-

tient in many respects—but with some interesting differences. He too has sexual problems, and a history of broken homes and parental rejection. But he has better impulse control than the typical violent patient. His act is carefully planned, not committed in a fit of ungovernable rage.

This does not mean that the potential assassin does not get angry often; he undoubtedly does. But when he performs his violent act, he wants to make it count. Dr. Karl Menninger characterizes the assassin as an anonymous, faceless, embittered man who feels self-important and ambitious. He also feels unloved, lonely and alienated. He wants desperately to "be somebody," but never makes it and finally gets the desired attention through what Dr. Fredric Wertham calls "magnicide"—killing somebody big. He achieves his identity by erasing somebody else's; the more important that somebody is, the greater the assassin's self-aggrandizement. He

may attach his rages and acts to a cause and select a victim he thinks of as his enemy. But Dr. Lawrence Z. Freedman of the University of Chicago believes that assassins are "emotionally disturbed social isolates, acting on their own without any rational expectation that they or the party and cause with which they identified themselves could benefit from the slaying."

It is possible that the distorted thoughts and behavior of assassins are also due to some physiological malfunctioning of the brain. Schizophrenia, the "mental illness" that is often attributed to them, has been more and more frequently linked with a form of abnormality involving faulty brain chemistry. Commenting on the assassination of Robert Kennedy, Dr. Granville Fisher of the University of Miami said flatly of the assassin: "The type of crime allows me to predict with some certainty that he is probably suffering from a brain condition." There is no way to ascertain whether assassins





Turning on monkeys to rage

Experiments with animals have established that there are a number of key areas in the brain that control violence. The two rhesus monkeys at left, in the laboratory of Professor José M. R. Delgado at Yale University, have electrodes implanted in a violence center located in the thalamus area of the brain. When the investigator turns

on a mild current (by sending a signal to the radio packs on the animals' backs), the electricity stimulates the thalamus center and the two monkeys howl angrily. Above, a normally peaceable monkey turns vicious as his thalamic rage center is stimulated electrically. He flares up and attacks his fellow monkeys, who flee.

are brain-damaged, of course, without making the necessary examinations. And too little is known with certainty to make any premature generalizations. But in at least one instance, the case of the young man who climbed up to the Texas tower and began shooting people at random from his high vantage point, the killer turned out to have a tumor in a critical area of the brain. Dr. Sweet, who was on the commission that investigated the case, believes the tumor might well have been an important factor in the young man's twisted behavior.

Dr. Sweet and Dr. Mark, the two neurosurgeons on the Boston team, have had little difficulty tracing the trouble to brain damage in some of their violent patients. In rare cases, because of the ravages accompanying certain types of epilepsy or the presence of a tumor in the primitive brain, the brain damage is so extensive that the patient is violent nearly all the time. The damage apparently

scrambles the electrical circuitry of the brain so that the cells in the affected regions are discharging electricity almost constantly, evoking impulses of rage and violence. There is no way to turn them off, except through drug therapy or brain surgery.

So far there has been great reluctance to perform brain surgery, except in extreme cases—repeated attempts at murder, for instance. Sometimes even relatively simple surgery—if any brain surgery can be called simple—can help for a time. At the Indiana University Medical Center, Dr. Robert Heimerlberger has found that by touching the afflicted area of the brain with a delicate "cryosurgical" probe (an instrument with a frozen tip) he can destroy the diseased tissue. This operation, performed on institutionalized patients who are violently destructive, keeps them calm for weeks or months at a time.

In many of the cases handled by Dr. Sweet and Dr. Mark, the brain damage is not obvious. But examinations in depth usually turn up some abnormality in the brain tissue—damage that is perhaps congenital, perhaps the result of blows on the head or of some viral infection that reached the brain. There has lately been much interest in genetic causes of these abnormalities too, especially since a recent case in France, where a violent criminal was found to possess an abnormal "XYY" chromosome. The Boston group has already incorporated a cell geneticist into the team to study these latest possibilities.

The brain damage, whatever its cause, apparently leaves the affected areas in an abnormally excitable electrical state so that the impulses to rage and violence can be triggered on almost any provocation. A man driving to work may suddenly be enraged because another driver "cut him out" too sharply and will chase the other

car for miles in order to get even. Such a man is a menace on the road and is in fact the cause of many accidents.

The Boston doctors, though not yet willing to perform brain surgery on any but the most extremely afflicted patients, have had encouraging success in treating others with a combination of psychotherapy and drugs. The drugs used are sometimes surprising. All drugs that affect behavior, whether they be stimulants, barbiturates, tranquilizers or energizers, do so by affecting the electrochemistry of the brain. When the brain's electrical firing is abnormal, however, pills may not have their customary effects. A tranquilizer may excite a patient instead of quieting him down. In one case, a young boy was so incorrigibly violent that his parents, for his own protection, had to keep him totally nude in an absolutely bare room. He would even rip wallpaper off the walls in his fury. This boy's troubles were considerably

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alleviated by giving him a stimulant—100 milligrams of Benzadrine. For a normal person, 10 milligrams of Benzadrine is a high dose—but with a scrambled nervous system the usual rules do not necessarily apply.

We now have a rough idea, though far from a precise delineation, of the nature of the violent individual—troubled, unstable, erratic, with a low threshold of irritability and a great capacity to do harm. What about the social climate he lives in? How does it affect him?

In former days and in more rural surroundings, the individual received bad news now and then—the illness or death of a friend or relative, the burning of a neighbor's barn, a robbery or a disaster in a nearby town. As people move closer together, the greater density of neighbors produces a greater amount of bad news. People hear it with ever greater frequency. Scientists like Dr. René Dubos of Rockefeller University and Dr. Donald N. Michael of the University of Michigan have emphasized that in crowded cities something catastrophic is happening all the time. With instant communication, we hear about and even see every catastrophe right away—not only in our own city or locality but anywhere in the world. Everyone is hearing bad news all the time. Was the human nervous system constructed to withstand such a barrage?

It is always dangerous to extrapolate from animal experiments to human behavior. Yet living organisms react so similarly in so many respects that it might be in-

structive to look at two sample rat experiments. In one, rats are simply made to live in overcrowded conditions. The result is a sharp increase in irritability, in displays of rage, in actual incidents of biting and fighting. Some rats are of course more violent than others.

In the other experiment, a solitary rat is artificially excited by doses of amphetamines. It takes a certain dosage of the drug to bring him up to a certain desired level of excitement. But if the same rat is put in with a group of other rats, it takes a much smaller dose of the drug to produce the same level of excitement.

Do rats have anything to tell us about people? If a person with an unstable nervous system finds himself in crowded circumstances, does he become readier than ever to give vent to his rages and aggressions? Observation would seem to confirm that he does. And with increased opportunities for provocation come increased opportunities to lash out at a multitude of possible targets. A youth passes you on the street and asks for a match, and you say you don't smoke, and he whips out a switchblade and comes after you.

Add other ingredients: A society in unprecedentedly rapid change, with values all in flux. An atmosphere of general permissiveness. A widespread flouting of and contempt for authority, all the way from Daddy to the White House. A feeling of alienation, of purposelessness, of the absurdity of existence, often fostered and enhanced by the arts and by pop culture, with their raucous assault on the senses. A cool and casual attitude toward violence, real and

fictional. A constant exposure to violence in newspapers, magazines and in every branch of entertainment—TV, books, movies, theater. And all the good reasons—racial grievances, the war in Vietnam—for perfectly reasonable people to get very angry and for speakers to fill the air with heated exhortations to action. All taken together, for good or ill, we wind up with a climate in which it becomes statistically inevitable that violent people will perform violent acts. The stresses that most of us can somehow manage to live with are simply too much for the more susceptible brains and nervous systems.

Is there no remedy, then? What can the psychobiologists recommend?

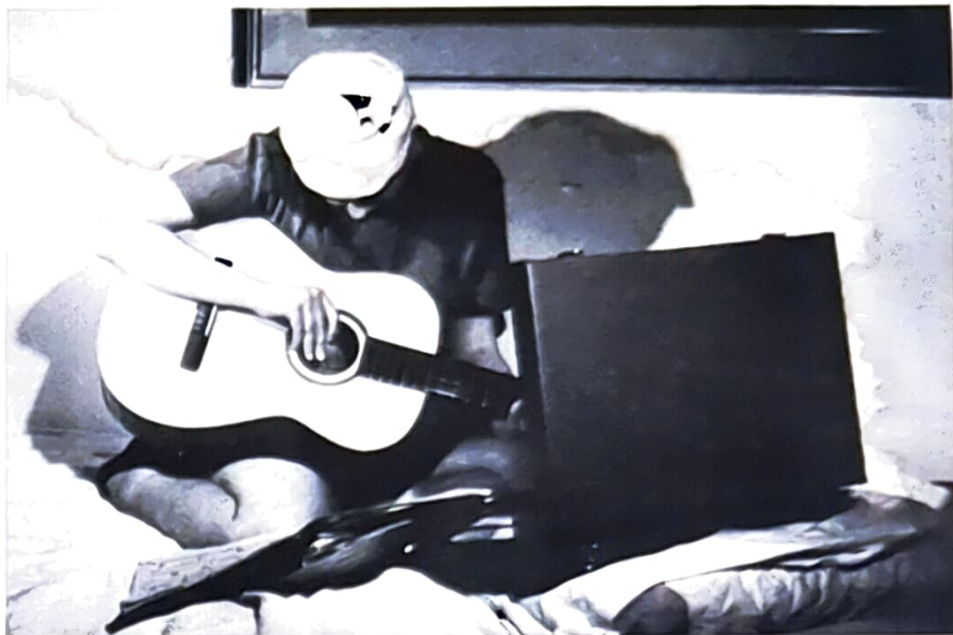
Their first recommendation is to intensify research and learn more about the psychobiology of violence. Even with our present knowledge, much of the violence could be avoided. Nearly every violent person, before he perpetrates any major damage, has a history of prior violence. People with violent tendencies should get earlier attention because they can often be helped by psychotherapy, by drugs or—as a last resort—by the kind of brain surgery that has relieved the girl in these pictures.

Society can help itself, of course, by removing some of the causes

of frustration, by improving the conditions that evoke legitimate anger, by finding routes to peace and away from war, by making it harder for violent individuals to procure weapons.

There is another remedy that does not require government intervention: the de-emphasis of violence in entertainment, in the arts, in news coverage. Violent individuals often do model their behavior on what they see, hear and read. Shortly after the Texas tower shootings and the multiple murder of nurses in Chicago, a young man who said he was inspired by these two events picked up his gun, walked into an Arizona beauty shop and shot the five women and two children who happened to be present. Scientific experiments have demonstrated that the observation of violence, the evocation of the powerful images of brutality can arouse susceptible temperaments to commit new acts of violence.

Hardly anyone would be in favor of government censorship of either the news media or the arts. If restraint is invoked, it should be self-restraint performed by the creators and communicators themselves. Censorship has traditionally addressed itself to the matter of obscenity associated with sex and eroticism. In our own day perhaps the true obscenity is violence.



Seeking a cure in the brain of a frenzied girl

One of the patients undergoing treatment in Boston is a 20-year-old girl. Most of the time she is a sweet and charming person who enjoys playing the guitar (above). But in fits of violence she has twice seriously stabbed people.

To localize the cause of her violence doctors implanted electrodes in different areas of her brain and stimulated each in turn. When they stimulate the part of the brain called the amygdala, she rises (far left), flails away at the

wall as if it were a mortal enemy (center), and then slumps back down on her mattress (below). With the source of her trouble thus pinpointed, doctors just three weeks ago operated to excise the defective portion of her amygdala.



Joan's Baby Gets a Final Home

Signed away by
his unwed mother, he becomes the center
of a private emotional drama

There is a lonely poignancy to a baby born out of wedlock, up for adoption, but he is the source of a childless couple's enormous joy. Last week LIFE told how 20-year-old Joan had a romance and bore this baby. Here now is the second half of the adoption process: what happened to Joan's baby—how, after all her distress at giving him up, a husband and wife got the baby they could unreservedly love—and thereby fulfilled Joan's own hopes for her son. The adoption agency involved, the Children's Home Society of California, which handled 1,867 such adoptions last year, cooperated with LIFE in order to dispell the mysteries and misunderstandings about adoption. And the participants—providing that all identities were concealed—voluntarily shared their experiences and emotions.

by RICHARD MERYMAN

Baby Boy Miller—conceived by accident, illegitimate, 3 days old, six pounds—lay in the transparent plastic basket of a stainless-steel bassinette. On his hospital chart was written "No Information" and from the bassinette hung a bright red tag that said, "No Show." He was kept hidden around a corner, away from the nursery viewing window. Endless sets of anonymous hands tended him. When he cried hard enough they changed his diapers, swinging out his basket on two horizontal chrome steel bars. They picked him up every four hours, delftly using his blanket as a sling and ap-

plied his bottle. Once a day for an hour he was held by a student nurse, assigned to cuddle him.

On this third day of his life he received a temporary name, John, given him for the records by his mother's counselor at the Children's Home Society of California adoption agency. And in the afternoon he was taken to the agency headquarters near downtown Los Angeles—an enormous white whale of a former mansion, up to its eaves in porticoes and columns. There he was turned over to a foster mother, Mrs. Lindy Lee Bush with whom he would stay until adopted by a family.

Most U.S. adoption agencies employ foster parents, and the Children's Home Society, which has offices throughout California, has a cadre of some 460 of them. Most have children of their own; Mrs. Bush—a slender woman in her early 30s, given to bright, mini-skirted dresses—has four girls and two boys ranging up to 16. She is paid \$67 a month—out of which she buys all food and equipment. John was Mrs. Bush's 54th foster baby in seven years. "My wife," says Mr. Bush, a Defense Department quality control inspector, "would stack babies up the walls if I'd let her."

"Babies need you," says Mrs. Bush, "and not too many other living things do. They're real little people with their own personalities, and I just love to hold them and squeeze them and spoil them—well, I do hold some a little more than I really should. I've taken everything from an art course to modern dance—but they aren't like babies. I was an only child and I had these plastic tax tokens and I'd give them to my mother and

ask her to buy me a baby sister. I was disappointed every one of my children wasn't twins. Queer people, foster mothers."

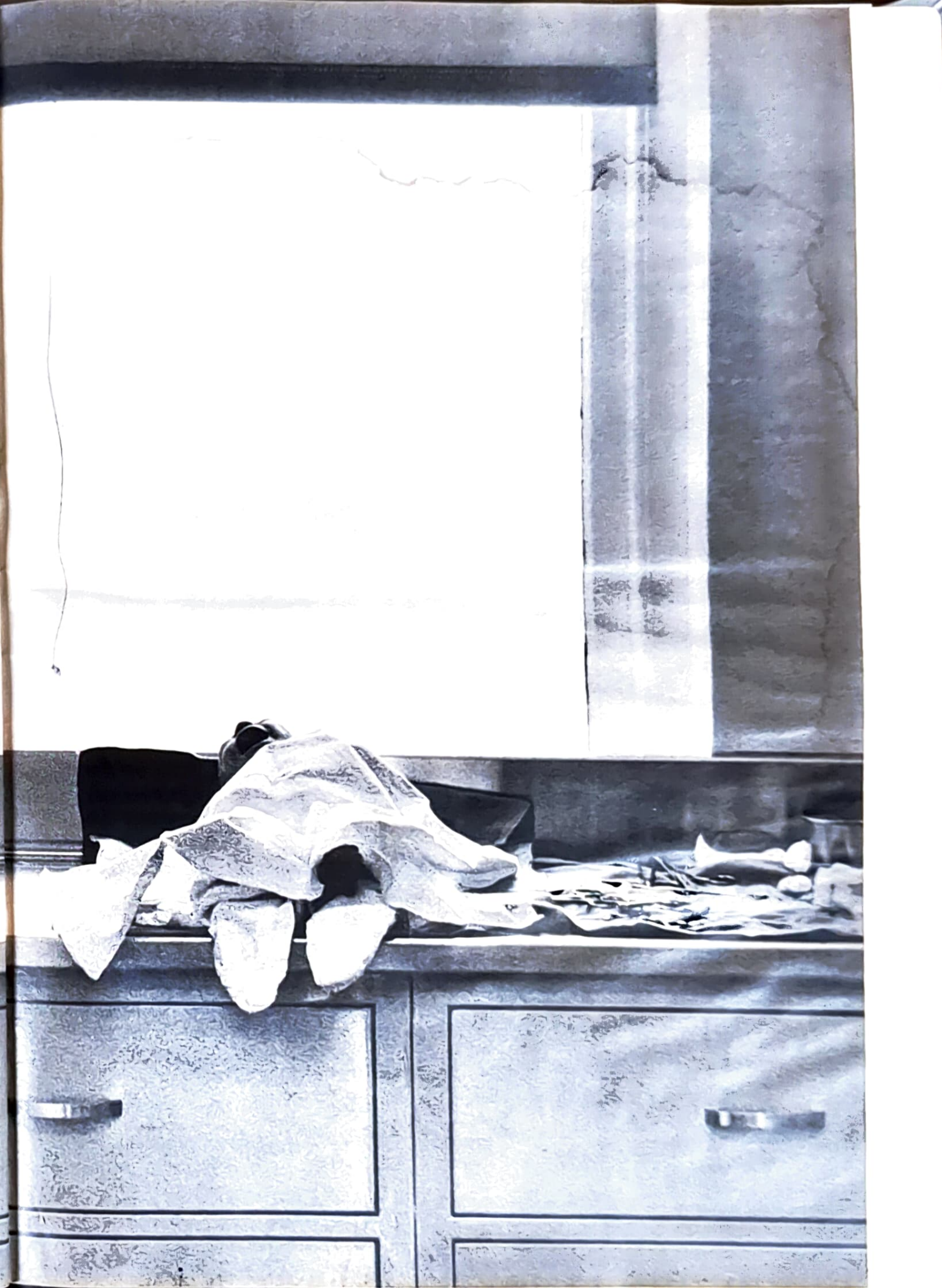
After a week with Mrs. Bush, John was not gaining weight as he should. At birth he had been perfectly normal. Now, though he grew longer, his weight stayed largely the same and he became skinnier. Mrs. Bush began mixing cereal into his bottle of milk. The pediatrician was reassuring and John was exceptionally alert. Yet there were those questions which force themselves forward, in spite of common sense and experience. Was there a problem? The agency worried how that might affect Joan, whose one bit of joy had been her excitement over producing a perfect baby.

At that moment, there were roughly 280 couples in California approved by the Children's Home Society and waiting for babies. The Los Angeles office knew of three who wanted boys and fitted Joan's primary requests: the couples were devout Protestants, would have a special concern about education, and already had adopted at least one child. One husband was a business executive, another was an avocado rancher. The third taught at a college near San Jose, 370 miles north of Los Angeles.

The teacher, Arthur Wilson, and his wife Lucy had been married five years and at first they had been just as pleased not to have children. But in the second year, recalls Lucy, "I felt trapped by

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Lying on the steel operating counter, Joan's baby protests his circumcision with the wispy cry of a 3-day-old. In order to save her favorite names, Joan did not give him one—so for the records the agency called him John.



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fate. I remember looking out of a window and thinking there wasn't a day that went by that I didn't want a baby, with an actual physical gnawing yearning. I just wanted to hold a baby and feel that it was mine—that I was truly indispensable to that one little person.

"It was a deep need to expand my love, and there was just no substitute—not needy orphans or a charity, not nieces or nephews. I can remember feeling that in my sister's family were things that marked time and growth for them: birthdays of the children; how they changed, or looked different, and now did different things. I remember saying to Arthur: 'We aren't moving ahead at all.' I felt this tremendous restlessness.

"A neighbor of mine once said, 'If you had children, we would have a lot more in common.' I mean, no matter how you say, 'My nephew this and my nieces that' it isn't the same. There's always a tacit reply that you really don't understand. And—not that anything is said—there's that accusation of 'How come you don't want children?' That really hurts.

"I remember I went to a baby shower and all the women wanted to hold the baby. I wanted to die. I wanted to get out of there. I was so bereaved at not having a child, I couldn't bear to hold a baby that wasn't my own. I felt if I did hold it, I'd do it awkwardly, and that would show how I felt. And I resented how casually those women took for granted the fact that they could have babies."

After two and a half years of marriage Arthur began wondering

whether adoption might be the practical solution. One night, as soon as he got home, he blurted out: "Have you ever thought about adopting?"

To Lucy it was an utterly new—and wholly unacceptable—idea. "The question," she remembers, "was really out of nowhere. My answer was silence. Stony silence. I was ready to throw the sewing machine at him. It was the surprise, the total surprise—I mean, to me this meant that Arthur thought the doors were entirely closed to us having our own child. When you lost hope in that, it was something like losing hope in the marriage. It was a real gut-level blow."

The thought of adoption was unacceptable

Arthur Wilson had his own doubts about adoption: "An adopted baby would not be involved in any physical relationship of conception; it cannot be involved in any care of the wife during pregnancy; it cannot be involved in any pain of childbirth—so how could we ever be deeply emotionally joined to it, especially since I didn't think there would be all that much to adopting a child? You just let them know you want a baby, and that's it. For me adoption was an escape from our real problem—infertility." The idea was shelved.

For a long time the Wilsons' relationship had been growing strained. "The pressure builds up," says Arthur. "This month it doesn't happen. This month it doesn't happen. This month it doesn't happen." One day he discovered a calendar on which Lucy had marked each barren month as it passed—a red dot, he thought to himself, "for every time I've let her down."

"I can remember Arthur saying, 'Stop glomming onto me,'" says Lucy. "You know, pursue your hobbies and all that sort of thing. He was working hard and at home I wanted him to fill that void of no children. I'd always liked to think of myself as a soft, sensitive well, not a hard person. But I was finding things within me I had never dreamed of."

During one argument Lucy threw a lamp at her husband. Doors were slammed. Once she



lashed out at him that she never would have married him if she'd known they wouldn't have children. "There were times," says Lucy, "when I felt that he was being overly wise. Like he'd say, in his sort of omniscient view of things, 'Well, the second year is always the hardest in a marriage'—as though he was keeping his head above water when I wasn't."

Suddenly, almost on the spur of the moment, Lucy left her husband for three weeks. "Poor Arthur must have felt it was the beginning of the end," she says, "but I knew I'd never leave him. I just had to leave the situation. I loved Arthur very, very much."

Lucy spent those weeks in Chicago. Till then the Wilsons had been unable to bring themselves to look on their childlessness as a medical problem. She returned to California determined to see an infertility specialist. The tests and rituals which followed were humiliating and very painful. After four months she was pronounced able to have children. Then Arthur Wilson submitted to tests. He was judged to have only a slight hope of fathering children.

At the very end the doctor met with Lucy Wilson alone. He advised her to adopt. "All I remember about driving home," she says, "is that it was a wintry spring day and I felt absolutely a nonperson. When I got home, there was a torrent of tears—not just crying—it was like falling through the earth."

"I couldn't believe that there was anything that could redeem the situation. My life was meaningless. I had assumed I would bear children ever since I played with dollies and pushed doll carriages and gave little bottles. I couldn't believe that this was the advice to be given to me. In the months that followed, everything began to fumble, to disintegrate. I stopped my diaries that I used to be happy writing in. I just puttered at my sewing and my little hobbies. Nothing was . . . I couldn't seem to finish things. Adoption was an unknown world, full of old wives' tales and pitfalls. I mean, it was almost like defying society, because people are always saying, 'Well, I know somebody who adopted and it didn't turn out well.'"

"I guess we finally came to feel



At a physical examination, by the agency pediatrician, tiny John examines his examiners—who include the agency's infant nurse, Kay Salige Matthews (center), and the baby's temporary foster mother, Mrs. Lindy Lee Bush.



that it was our destiny not to have children of our own. I could see that adoption was the right thing, but it seemed like a dream that I was going through with it." She wrote her parents of the plans and they replied, "Don't worry, we will treat your baby just as though it was our own grandchild."

The Wilsons wrote several adoption agencies and learned that they all required a "family study." "We were going to have a caseworker," says Lucy Wilson. "You know, she's the worker and we're the case. It's a humiliating thought. A woman who just gets pregnant doesn't have to convince somebody that she's in love with her husband or show proof that she can be a good mother. Most parents don't have to talk about their most intimate problems with a stranger. You feel you're unique—but suddenly you've been absolutely leveled."

"My attitude," recalls Mr. Wilson, "was: 'Don't bug me with your questions; just show me the baby.' Intellectually I could see the necessity for it, but emotionally I felt above it all."

From this moment on, an adop-

tion becomes an act of faith for everyone involved. The mother has signed over her baby, certain that this has guaranteed the child a better life. The adoptive couple, though working entirely through others, is making a lifetime commitment despite anxieties which may never be totally quieted: Can I love a child not my own flesh and blood, not created in my own image? Will this child always be a symbol of my infertility? Will this child reject me when it learns it is adopted?

How could I help but resent the child?

A social worker assigned to the couple must get them ready for adoption and is their advocate in the choice of a child. The worker builds a rapport with the couple and explores their emotions to help them resolve any conflicts that might keep a child from becoming in every way their own. Then the agency, knowing that one person cannot infallibly read an-

other, entrusts to the couple the whole future of a child.

The Wilsons attended a meeting for prospective parents at the San Jose office of the Children's Home Society. They heard a complete summary of the adoption process. They were especially reassured to hear that the babies available for adoption had a fine heritage and excellent potential.

In the interviews over the next three months, their agency social worker, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, turned out to be a relaxed and pleasant woman. She worked with them on their major psychological hurdle: illegitimacy. "I'd come close myself with girls," says Arthur Wilson. "But I'd stopped in time. And I resented the fact that these other people hadn't. So how could I help but resent the child too? That was really hard—the idea that it had been just some casual encounter. Lucy and I absolutely had to have a clear mental image of those parents and believe that the child was an expression of genuine love."

Mrs. Campbell worked to make the Wilsons see the natural parents or adopted children as the same

Making their periodic visit to the agency clinic for checkups on their boarding babies, a benign company of foster mothers wait their turn. Some also brought their own children—like Mrs. Bush (far left), who holds John and talks to 2-year-old Michelle, a foster baby she adopted after 13 months at the suggestion of the agency.

sort of young people the Wilsons knew and respected. To drive this home, she read aloud from touching letters sent her by unwed mothers. "I found myself," says Mrs. Wilson, "getting down to some pretty deep levels in myself—looking over my whole life in retrospect. And I don't think you can be comfortable with yourself in adoption until you do that."

During several interviews, together and individually, the Wilsons discussed with Mrs. Campbell their decision to adopt. Mrs. Campbell asked what kind of a child they wanted, how they felt about infertility. She asked about their childhoods and families, how they had coped with crises in their lives, and what were areas of disagreement between them. She asked: What

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in your upbringing would you want to pass on to a child?" "What not pass on?" She discussed how they planned to deal with inevitable questions about adoption, both from their own child and from friends and grandparents.

"Lots of people," says Mrs. Campbell, "try to tell you what you want to hear. But there are always clues to what sort of a marriage they have. I notice whether they only talk to me and never to each other, whether they're interested in what the other is saying, whether they show any affection. If it's been a difficult interview, maybe I'll glance out at them after they've left the building. Sometimes you see one walking way ahead of the other, sometimes they have their arms about each other."

In August of 1965, weeks of discussion and impatient anticipation ended and the Wilsons received their first child, a little girl they named Susan. "I know I went into the placement room in a state of shock," says Lucy, "and here was this baby with dark hair—it was little—and it was going to be ours! I just couldn't believe how much that baby was my baby from the moment I saw her. I mean, she really was!"

Susan and parenthood turned out to be everything they hoped. Now, in June of 1967, the Wilsons wanted a second child. The agency required a new series of interviews. Parents in a second adoption must be made ready for unexpected feelings. The first child represented the answer to all their fears and frustrations; the second would not arrive with the same emotional impact. And to protect everybody the agency must gauge the effect a new baby will have both on the parents and the first child—and prepare them for it. Mrs. Campbell was especially struck by Susan's relationship with the Wilsons. "I was very impressed," says Mrs. Campbell, "by the way in which she went equally to both parents—how secure she felt, how she played happily in the agency playroom, without fear of being away from them."

Just as the Wilsons' family study ended in San Jose, Joan's baby was born in Los Angeles. And because there was a surplus of adoptive boys in the Los Angeles district, Margaret Campbell contacted that office, describing the Wilsons as "an exceptional family who could provide an unusually fine setting for a tall boy [Mr. Wilson is 6-foot-3] of excellent potential." She was told about Joan and her baby and was immediately interested. "It seemed to me," she says, "that this was an unusually fine and sensitive girl.

The fact that she was having a hard time giving her baby up tells you a lot. And I felt she had been thinking of his welfare from the very beginning."

A few days later, on the 10th day of John's life, Joan signed the relinquishment papers and shortly was home with her family. At the age of 3 weeks the baby was examined by the agency's pediatrician and pronounced healthy—though still, for no apparent reason, gaining very little weight. The next day the babies ready that week for adoption were tentatively grouped with two to three of the ready and waiting families. John was grouped with the Wilsons and the rancher and the executive.

We are not looking for perfect parents'

"Our prime concern," says Mrs. Helen O'Neil, the district director, "is what is best for the child. We care deeply what the mother says she wants for her baby—within limits. One teen-ager asked for a family of agnostics who skied! Then you consider what the couple wants—and a child is really the fulfillment of their favorite daydream. Many fine people with a lot to offer a child are limited in what kind of a child they can accept. And you respect their prejudices—within limits. You don't want to make it terribly hard for them to identify with the child."

"We were concerned about this feeling that Arthur Wilson had—that his child must come from a love relationship. That's his fantasy for dealing with a deep distaste for illegitimacy. And will he communicate that, when someday this child is told he's adopted? But we're not looking for perfect parents. We try to accept people as they are, and hope we've helped them develop the insight to avoid the dangers."

In the weekly conference to decide which families are chosen for which babies, Joan's social worker, Mrs. Humphry, described Joan and her wishes. The case worker for the babies described John and gave Mrs. Bush's report. Then the clinic nurse discussed his health. The social workers for the rancher and executive described their "clients" and Margaret Campbell's report on the Wilsons was read. Photographs of John and the three couples were circulated to bring them to life a little.

There was a discussion which would have seemed surface and haphazard to an outsider. Should the predicted hair and eye color and height be a factor? Which family would Joan be most com-

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comfortable with when she received her brief description of them? Would any of the couples be bothered too much by John's temporary thinness? In the end, one factor determined irrevocably where and how John would live during all his formative years—and probably molded the course of his life. He went to the Wilsons because they had the most active church life, which had been important to Joan. "We've been doing this so many years," says Lois Bemer, who presides at the placement meetings, "we can talk in a kind of shorthand, and we've gotten secure about our intuitions—which is really experience, I suppose. So pretty soon one family feels to us a little bit more right than the others, and that's where little John should go."

The next day Margaret Campbell telephoned the Wilsons and invited them to her office. Mrs. Campbell told them it was a boy and gave them two Polaroid pictures of him taken in the agency clinic. Then she described the baby's background. His mother, she said, was a wholesome-looking, attractive, well-groomed, brown-haired girl; she had had a deep relationship with the boy, and thought he would marry her, but he backed out. He was a tall, slender boy with high academic achievement and from a well-established family. He did stand up with her to tell her parents about the baby. He did keep in touch with her. "But she realizes now that it is all over. She has been sustained by her deep religious faith and now feels that, though she truly loves this baby, keeping him would be for herself and not for the baby's good. She was very hurt, but she did grow and deepen. She has great sweetness and gentleness, a softness and some naïveté."

"I had very good feelings about the girl," says Arthur Wilson. "Of course, always in the back of your mind you wonder if every case worker makes it seem like this for every adoptive parent. I rejected that on the basis of my warm feelings for Mrs. Campbell. However, if I hadn't had complete trust in her, that thought might have lingered a little longer than it did."

This was on a Friday. The rest of that day for the Wilsons was odd with the feeling that their life had already altered radically, that the family dynamics had already changed—yet everything was still normal. Lucy was very impatient: It's a feeling of being jealous of every minute that the baby isn't with us."

Since the baby was in the care of the Los Angeles office, the Wilsons would have to fly there from San Jose to get him. Ordinarily a

couple sees the baby one day, has that night to get used to the idea of this baby, and returns the next day to take it home. To convenience the Wilsons, it was agreed the placement could all be done in a single day. Early Monday morning, Arthur, Lucy and Susan Wilson set out by plane for Los Angeles and the enormous white mansion. "At that moment I think you enter into a state of natural anesthesia," says Lucy. "There is fear of the moment you see the baby. What will he look like? How will I react? But actually you're suspended—neither here nor there. Everything has been thought or felt already. It's like hanging in the dentist's chair just wanting to get through it."

'Don't cry like that on your big day'

At the same time the Wilsons were boarding their plane, Mrs. Bush was giving John a bath in her kitchen sink. "Oh, torture, torture, torture," she said as she washed his hair. "Don't cry like that on your big day. You're going to see your mommy and daddy."

"He has such long fingers and legs and arms," she continued, "it'll take him time to fill out. I hope they'll see John's potential rather than, Oh, we expected a beautiful, dark-haired or blond, blue-eyed whatever-it-is they wanted. With their own they'd say, 'Well, too bad. It looks like me, or like Aunt Mary.' When he's 3 months old, he might almost be pretty. His eyes are big, not ugly big. They're very expressive. And his little pout; that's real cute. It shows personality."

Mrs. Bush's drive to the Children's Home Society took about half an hour. John rode in a car crib on the back seat. Her own 2-year-old, Michelle, stood upright on the front seat, held by a seat harness. "I've taken this route for so many years," said Mrs. Bush, "and I've had a lot of babies and a lot of thoughts that always come on me when I drive here—because everything's connected—it all blends. You're not just thinking about this one baby. It's all the babies at once: what they were doing, the clothes they wore, the way you were fighting with yourself to keep control—feeling if you opened your mouth, your voice was for sure going to crack."

"This is the sixth baby in the last four months. That's a lot to have kept three, four weeks; to have loved them and have watched them go. That's six little bodies we've had. And one can't

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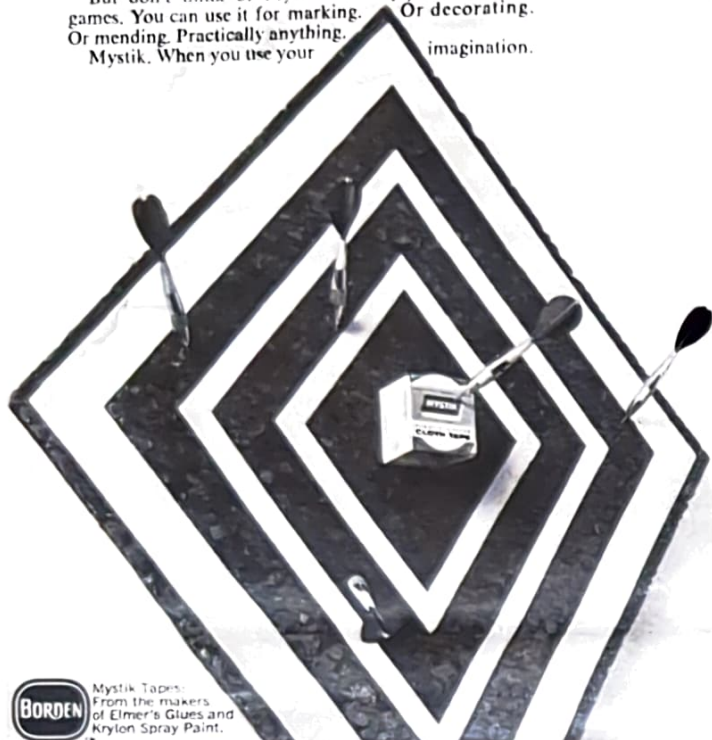
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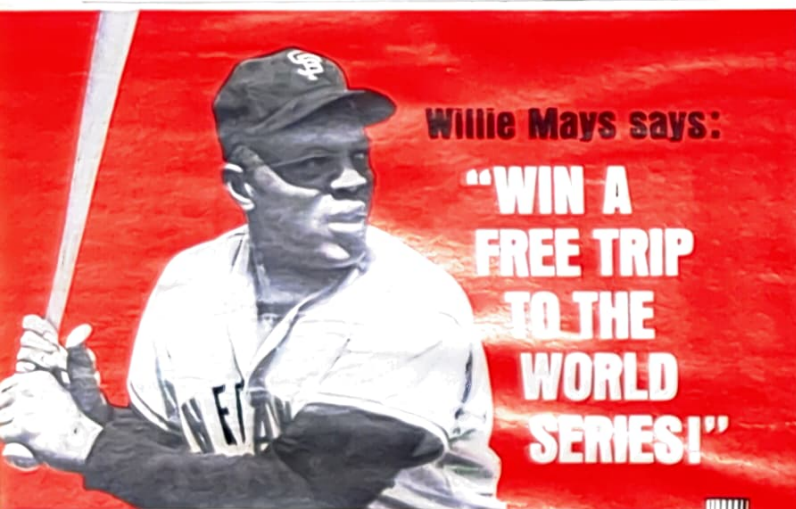
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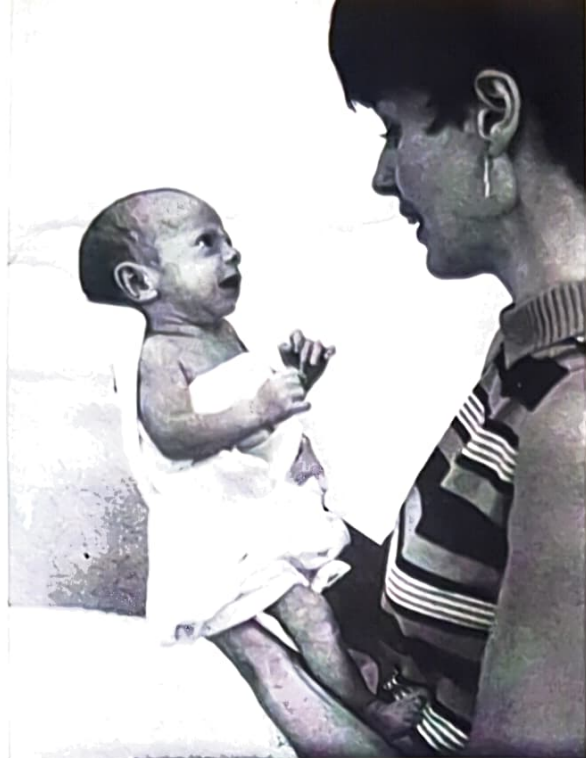
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replace another. I mean, it replaces the cuddly feeling and the love and everything. But it doesn't replace the person.

"Eight years ago we had one little girl named Melody for 20 months. The agency helped all they could, and I'm sure they knew what they were doing and that Melody has a good life now—but when she left, it was exactly as if one of our own children had—well—died. The whole night before she went, my husband and I alternately cried—and my husband is not a crying man. We'd take turns going into the shower to cry because we didn't want Melody to know anything was wrong. And then the next day, packing her suitcase with her familiar things—ironing and fixing them—packing her toys—dressing her for the last time—fixing her hair—all the things you do for the last time. I can still cry about it. I bought her a dress to go away in—shoes and socks—and took movies of her in the clothes. I made the big mistake of having her wave goodbye in the movies. It was two years before we could look at them. And she was such an ugly baby.

"When I delivered her to CHS and the social worker came to take her away, Melody just didn't want to go with her. She had this little bear she loved, and she kept screaming. 'No, no, mommy, no, no, no, no, no!' Just as she was being led through the screen door they had, she dropped the bear. I had done real well up to that point, but when I bent to pick up the bear and give it back to her, and she reached out with those little arms and all she wanted was my neck, well. . . .

As they study each other, Mrs. Bush, the foster mother, talks to 2-week-old John. "Mister, you've got dampitis," she says. "That's just what you've got. Dampitis."

"The rest of Melody's clothes I gave away that day, except for a few mementoes. But I just couldn't take down that crib in Melody's room. Nobody could ever sleep in that room as long as we lived in that house. I didn't tell the kids they couldn't, and nobody ever asked. The room just sat there. We'd buried Melody, and there wasn't any other use for it.

"Lisa, who was 3½, would ask me 20 hundred times a day, 'Where's Melody? Am I going to have to go away too? Why did she have to go away? Am I going away?'"

When Mrs. Bush drove in at the Children's Home Society and around to the rear parking lot, she unwittingly passed Arthur Wilson, standing on the porch. The Wilsons had arrived a half hour early. "Lucy and I were both very nervous," says Arthur Wilson. "Compared to all my expectations of wonder and joy—I felt just so alone."

"I was very tense," says Lucy Wilson, "and there was Susan to keep happy. Arthur seemed so casual about it all, and maybe that bothered me. He's a bird-watcher and he kept exclaiming about the parrots up in a tree."

Mrs. Bush carried John into the clinic room. Margaret Campbell who had come down from San Jose the day before, came toward her immediately. Mrs. Campbell took a long look at him and said, "Does he smile yet?" Mrs. Bush answered, "No, he doesn't, but he

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looks real pleased." To John, Mrs. Bush said, "Tell her, 'My one-month birthday was just the other day.'" Then Mrs. Campbell took him in her arms, and said to Mrs. Bush, "Thank you so much for everything you've done for him." "I hope they love him," she answered. "Oh, they already do," said Mrs. Campbell and carried John away.

In the high-ceilinged placement room, she put the baby down in the Victorian oak crib. She waited by the crib for a full minute. "I guess I just did what I always do then—sent up a little prayer."

The Wilsons came in through the two tall sliding doors. Mrs. Campbell smiled and quietly left. "I wanted it to be a very beautiful, sacred experience which was theirs alone." Lucy and Arthur stood by the crib looking down at the baby in total silence. One minute, two minutes, three went by. Then Arthur said, "He's all eyes." Another long silence. Lucy said, "Does he look like a Robert?" "I think so," Arthur lifted John who was now Robert out of the crib into Lucy's arms. And she sat down in the rocker beside the bronze plush couch and the smiling cherub with a lamp growing out of its head.

'I got a feeling of shock—he was so thin'

"The first minute I saw him," Lucy says, "there was almost a feeling of shock—that he was so thin and scrawny. And I didn't stop to analyze whether I was seeing just a very young infant, or an infant who seemed, well, sort of like a war baby."

"I remember when I sat in that rocking chair, just the physical contact—he was so tiny—I held him so gingerly—and I really looked at him—and I was absorbed in wanting so much to love him. But mainly it was a moment fraught with . . . with lack of feeling. That intangible, instinctive thing that I'd expected, just wasn't there. All I could think was, 'What am I not bringing to this occasion?'"

Till that moment Arthur had felt detached, and an observer of Lucy's reactions. But then, he says, "When Lucy sat there holding Bobby, and Susan came in and was so nice to him . . . well . . . the years with Lucy, the affection, the love, the loyalty—we'd been through a lot together—it all came into focus there in a moment of terrific tenderness. Then I felt I must try to get involved with this baby." Arthur took Lucy's place in

the rocker, cradled Robert and whispered, "I love you. Mommy loves you. Susan loves you."

Down the hall in the clinic, Mrs. Bush sat glumly alone by a window, waiting. If the Wilsons should turn the baby down, she would take him home again. "They wanted a bottle," she remembers. "And I told the social worker—just give him a little because he's just eaten. So they gave him the whole bottle and he barfed it back. That made me sore. He used to ooze a little, but he was not a barfer."

"And another thing: I never like criticism of my babies. It has always bugged me; just bugged me to death. And everybody who saw that darling little child talked about how thin he was. And I figured then that the parents would feel that way too. I kept thinking, 'Ah, ha! They ought to see how much he eats. They'll find out that he really is going to get fat.'"

Late in the morning Susan Wilson spotted the toys heaped in the foster mothers' lounge for their children. Michelle Bush was already there and the two played happily together for half an hour. Then Arthur Wilson unexpectedly barged through the clinic, passed Mrs. Bush without a glance, retrieved Susan, and left for lunch. "I knew who it was," says Mrs. Bush. "You're always curious. You know, when they take my baby, they better have somebody pretty special."

Mrs. Bush was told she could go home, and was asked if she would like to see the baby one last time. She declined. "I've done all my loving of the baby at home. One last kiss is all I'm interested in—and after that get it out of my sight and keep it out. There's nothing so embarrassing as standing there with tears streaming down your face."

The Wilsons departed for lunch—after Arthur took a look at Robert in the nursery to be sure he was all right. The agency required that they have time by themselves to consider their decision to take this child. If they refused him, they could be considered for another baby. "There was never any question of our not keeping Bobby," says Arthur. "But that lunch lasted forever—and I think the thing that brought us through it was the fact that Mrs. Campbell felt Bobby was right for us. But I kept telling Lucy, 'He's got a beautiful head, a really beautiful head.' And then I couldn't think of anything more to say."

The Wilsons returned from lunch, slipped Robert into his new bunting, and quickly left for home. "It gave us a lot of pleasure," says Arthur, "to put that bunting around his little body, thin as it

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was. That made us feel we were doing something for him immediately. And on the flight home Lucy looked so lovely holding our new baby. It all just seemed so right. I had a great feeling of protectiveness—my little family. "I can remember," says Lucy Wilson, "having all over again that absolutely supreme feeling—of just being a parent. I wanted to shout out to everybody, 'Look, we're parents!'"

Late that afternoon, back home, when Lucy changed Robert's diaper, she called Arthur in. "He was so thin. There was just this bit of skin," he remembers, "connecting his knee to his

thigh. I mean, this really hurt us."

"We had some low moments there. We wanted to know . . . well, was this neglect? Was this unnecessary? We were very resentful about the care he must have had. I'm sure I just had to have somebody to blame, but for a while we had some very hostile feelings about that foster mother."

"After a few days," says Lucy Wilson, "I suddenly had the feeling that through us he was beginning to be a person. It was like a dike breaking. We were saying, 'Go, little man, go. Eat what you want. Sleep when you want. Disturb us when you want. We love you.' And he was doing it. He wasn't the docile little creature described by the foster mother on that sheet the agency gave us."

"One day somebody said what big eyes he had. This was the very reaction Arthur and I had had—but suddenly I found myself very

defensive about him. I said something like, 'Well, his cheeks have filled out a lot.'

"When he began to smile a little, it was just so radiant, so sweet—responding to us. Arthur and I began to talk about how much he reminded us of pictures of my brother as a baby. And Robert has blue eyes and Arthur has blue eyes; and he has dark hair like my dark hair."

"The Sunday after we got Bobby, Arthur had taken Susan to church and it was the first time I had been totally alone in the house with Bobby. The whole house was quiet. I was feeding him and I was looking at him—really looking at him. Suddenly I felt that he was truly a person. It was overwhelming—this terrific tenderness I had for him. It was as though something tremendously special was happening between him and me—something

he was feeling too. I began to cry.

"I know I'm indispensable to Bobby," Lucy Wilson said after Robert gained five pounds in three months. "We know that of course the foster mother didn't neglect him. But still nobody else could take my place and feed him quite the same way I can or love him quite the same way I do. And I don't think I could give this kind of love if I didn't feel that this child was destined for us. I can't really imagine now that Bobby could be in another home. I feel that he's me, and he's us and he's this family."

"I think I feel jealous of the time that Bobby spent as a growing person apart from me. I have thought about this girl who carried him, who must wonder what he looks like and what kind of person will he be. But deep down—even below all the wonder and miracle that Susan and Bobby have brought us—I really do feel that they are lucky to be with us. I really feel Susan has become the person she is because of us. I don't know what Susan would have become with that other mother. I don't know her. I know she must have been a wonderful person. But even there—"mother"—to be a mother is to love and take care of a child. It's not just to carry that child. Perhaps I have to think that to make everything bearable. But I deeply feel that Bobby's mine."

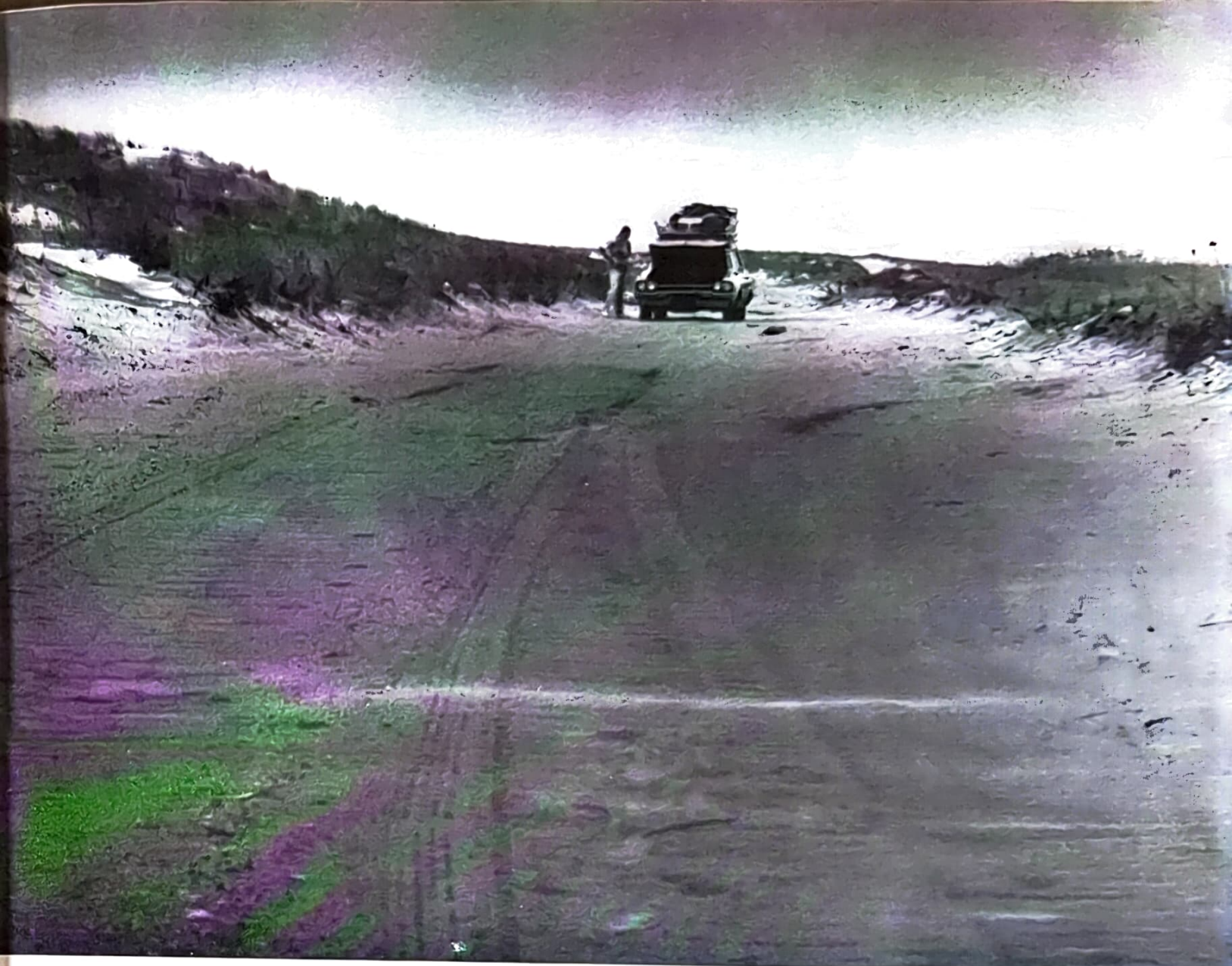
"When I talk about the anguish that Arthur and I went through, I feel now as though I'm talking about some stranger who doesn't exist any more. A friend said to me recently, 'You look so free now. You look softer.' You know, I didn't imagine just how wonderful parenthood was going to be—their affectionate little ways—Bobby smiling up at you, laughing right out loud—Susan hugging you at the most unexpected times—the pleasure they take in each other—the settling into a child's world—Susan's questions, like: 'Daddy, does the moon have BM's too?'"

"There is a poignancy about our life. Sometimes, looking at Susan—and now Bobby too—you have a . . . just a welling up inside of you . . . that you just . . . tonight I looked at Bobby and I could hardly bear it . . . really . . . maybe it's a good thing they don't know how much you love them."

John who became Robert looks out at his new world. "The way I feel holding Bobby," says Lucy Wilson, "the fact that I didn't bear him is so utterly unimportant."



On the next page:
Myths and facts
about adoption



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The DieHard is so strong and durable, Sears guarantees it for five years. And when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees. So check and see if your tire tread's down. That's a good sign your battery

can be going too.

There are over 2500 other good signs. They're all on the front of Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, the only place you can buy the DieHard. If you're saving your cash for a vacation, Charge It on your Sears Revolving Charge.



You won't save anything by waiting. Because the DieHard will probably outlast your car.

Like that other camping group says: Be prepared.

The Sears 5-year guarantee:

"Free replacement within 90 days of purchase if battery proves defective. After 90 days we replace the battery, if defective, and charge you only for the period of ownership, based on the regular price less trade-in at the time of return, prorated over number of months of guarantee."

The DieHard. Sold only at Sears. \$29.95 with trade-in.

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We bottle Kentucky



Don't be put off by Burke & Barry's low price. Burke & Barry is as Kentucky as the town of Owensboro where it comes from. It's made with old-fashioned, charcoal-filtered

Kentucky sipping whiskey, blended with finest neutral spirits, for rare Kentucky flavor. So why not choose Burke & Barry for that. And consider low price just a fringe benefit.

Burke & Barry

Every drop of whiskey here
is from Kentucky

86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Burke & Barry Distilling Company, Owensboro, Ky.

In the past 15 years, quiet but total revolution

Tragically often, the fears and hesitations of childless couples about adoption are based on information that is limited and out of date. The fact is, adoption has been undergoing a quiet but total revolution.

Fifteen years ago there were six couples for every available child. Because of this, adoption agencies had to impose rigid, arbitrary standards simply to weed out applicants. The wait for a child could be two years. As a result, many couples chose to bypass the agencies and made independent adoptions. Here the process was less demanding—but the potential for problems was greater.

Today the supply of babies has almost caught up with the demand. Agencies account for 71% of all adoptions of children unrelated to the adoptive parents; the rest, roughly 23,400 a year, are "independent adoptions."

An independent adoption is a legal contract between the couple and the child's mother, with a lawyer or a doctor usually as go-between. There is little red tape, and the baby is picked up at the hospital while only a few days old. There are no safeguards against the health or mental problems which, undetectable at birth, can crop up after a few weeks. Often the natural mother knows the adoptive couple's name and address. Since the couple has not been screened, the natural mother has little certainty that the family will be good for her child. Since she herself has lacked any systematic counseling, the couple can have no confidence about the permanence of her decision to relinquish the baby. It is legally possible for the mother to take back her baby at any time before a judge has made the adoption final and irrevocable—usually six months or a year from the day the couple gets the baby. In California, one of every five independent adoptions fails to go through.

Virtually all agency adoptions, on the other hand, do go through. With plenty of children available, the agencies have been able to devote themselves entirely to service. Their aim is not to exclude but to promote and facilitate adoption while protecting every person involved. All identities, for instance, are kept completely confidential.

Requirements for adoption have been relaxed dramatically. These days, couples in their 40s and even 50s are eligible for adoption. Income and housing are not critically important. In many states, if the mother gives permission, a baby of any faith can go to a home of any religion. Couples of mixed faith no longer pose a problem.

There are no limits on the number of children a couple can be given and couples with their own natural children may also adopt. A working mother is seldom penalized. The only fixed requirements at most agencies are a sound marriage, reasonably good health, the ability to provide for an additional family member, and the capacity to love as their own a child born to another.

For years there has been a myth that, to get a child in a hurry, a couple should take a handicapped baby. Nowadays 80% of the babies placed are healthy Caucasians and the vast majority of couples receive a baby within six months of their application. At the Children's Home Society of California, 20% get their babies within three months.

From the day the child is placed by an agency, up until the time a judge makes the adoption final, a couple can give the baby back. This happens rarely and usually because of some dramatic medical problem. In such cases the agency assumes all medical costs. When a baby proves unadoptable, either the natural parents must assume responsibility or the state takes permanent care of the child. And that is today's great pressure: to find families flexible enough to adopt the handicapped and the racial minorities.

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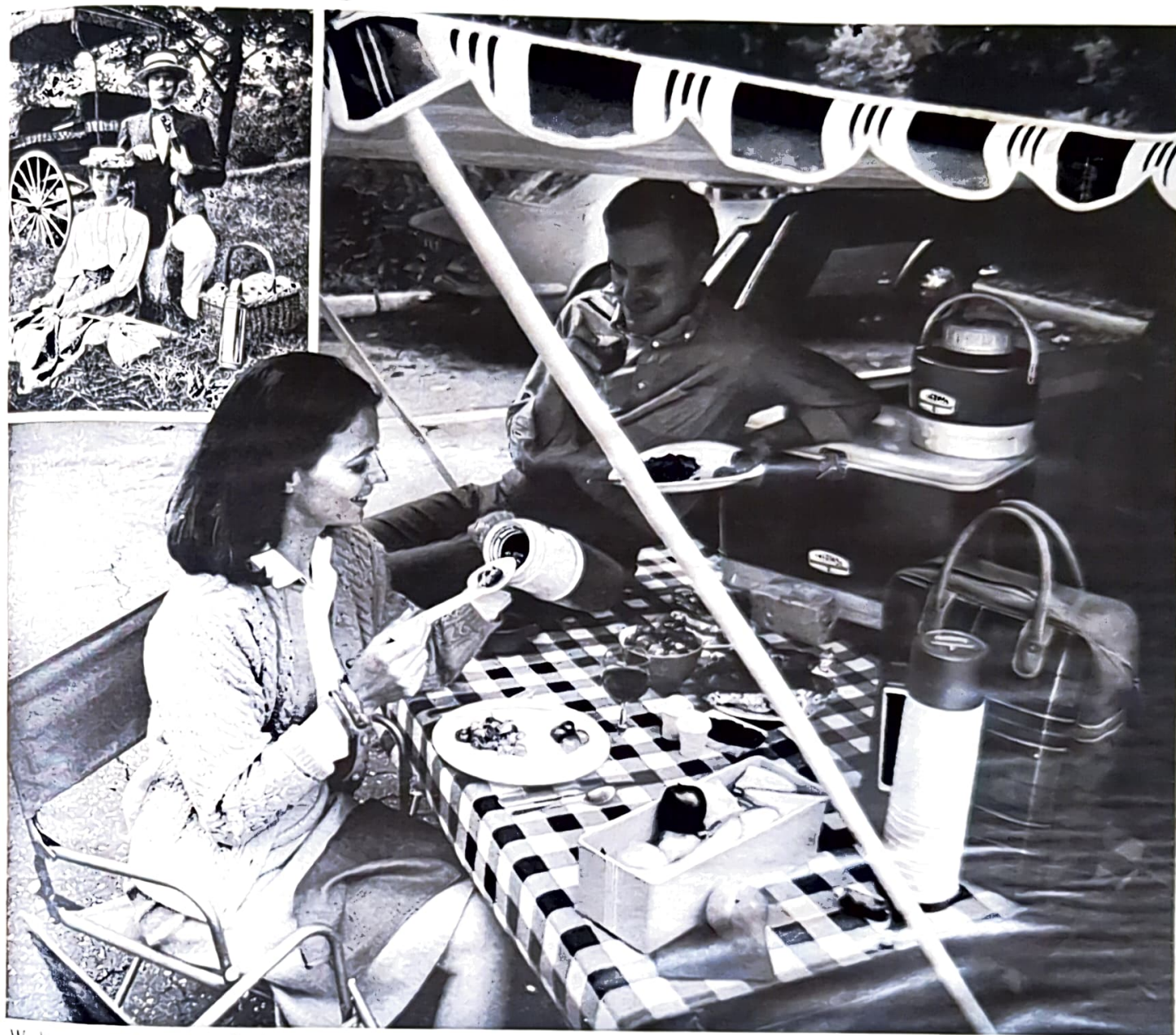
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We have several mouths to feed you. There's the Small Mouth bottle that holds your drinks for hours. And there's the Big Mouth that keeps your main course piping hot or icy cold. You can make any outing a feast by using Big Mouth for stew, beans, potato, macaroni and shrimp salads, chili, and many more. We even have a

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FASHION

Uniworld of His & Hers



In the Louvre in Paris one of the city's most elegant young couples, the Bernard Lan-

A California couple, the Lawrence Turmans (he is the producer of *The Graduate*), support each other in printed jeans by Lilly Pulitzer. Called Pj's, these are her latest hit.



vins, match up contemporary vest-topped, silk-shirted outfits with Durer's self-portrait.

In his New York apartment, British journalist Ian Ball and family gather in look-alike Nehru outfits—from Alexander's—which bridge the generation gap as well as the sex one.

This is the year that what's his is hers and what's hers is his—in a word, unisex. In Europe and in the U.S., with-it young couples, no longer inhibited by what looks masculine and what looks feminine, are finding that looking alike is good fashion as well as good fun. The unisex trend was launched by the era's pacesetters, the teen-agers, back when the Beatles came to fame. When tradition went out with the haircut, designers on both sides of the Atlantic started using their freedom to create a bright new world where both sexes get to play the peacock. Of course, some observers do have serious misgivings (p. 89), not to mention mistergivings.



French singer Nino Ferrer and his fiancée are suit-alikes morning, noon and night. At right, they wear outfits they designed themselves. The leather jackets and white linen suits below are from Daniel Hechter, who believes in unisex.



Despite



alarms, 'la différence' is alive and well all over

From a merchandising standpoint, unisex may be the greatest invention since, well, the sexes started dressing differently in the first place. When the separation of fashions according to gender began to vanish, retailers discovered a bonanza. Not only could they purvey a whole new line of merchandise—necklaces for men for example—but they could also sell many things double. The Nehru jacket turned up in men's departments, in women's departments, even in children's departments, in all sizes and prices. Unlike the Mod clothes of several seasons ago, which shook up but didn't topple the tastemakers, Nehru out-

fits were quickly accepted in all the best places, challenging black tie and good gray flannel on their own turf. Thus did a revolution that started in the streets make it to the penthouse.

This did not come as a surprise to at least one professional observer, James Laver, who was for two decades curator of prints and drawings at London's Victoria and Albert Museum and has been writing on the significance of style for many years. Laver proclaims, in a book to be published in the U.S. next fall, that there's more at stake than a mere fad: good taste in the prim Victorian sense is dead, he says, and men no longer want

CONTINUED



Italian actress Luisa Barotto and her boyfriend wear Ken Scott's nautical beachcoats. Scott, like many big-name women's designers, has branched into men's wear

A pair of long-haired Londoners in a psychedelic corner of the Beatles' shop, called Apple, wear African fabric outfits. Hers is a mindress and his is an overshirt.

Neuterization starts in the nursery

CONTINUED

to look like undertakers. Nor do women want to be limited in how they express themselves. Patriarchy is out, and with it all the sartorial decrees that came in with the Industrial Revolution. We have arrived, he declares, at the irreversible emancipation of women.

Laver has consistently preached that the history of clothing can be divided into three categories: utility, attraction and hierarchy. Utility, he feels, hasn't counted for much. If we discount the Eskimos, the rest of us are opting either for seduction or for status. Therefore, replacing the old notions of what is sexy or successful-looking can shake the fashion industry to its very trouser cuffs and/or hemlines. In Western civilization since the Middle Ages, according to Laver, the bifurcated garment has been the mark of the male and the skirt the mark of the female, but he says this is no longer true. Both men and women are turning to a costume he describes as tunic and tights—the girl with her mini and the boy by abandoning the waistcoat, jacket, collar and tie.

Not everybody is as relaxed as Laver to see the old pants-and-skirt associations go. An American sociologist, Charles Winick, views the development with outright alarm. In his book *The New People*, published this spring, Winick sees the his-her clothing swaps as just one more indication that mankind is undergoing desexualization—a process which he fears can lead to the end of the race. We will become so confused about our sexual identities, he says, that we will no longer reproduce ourselves—quite a put-down for the neo-Malthusians, if true.

Winick believes that unisex actually begins in the cradle. Ever since World War II, he points out, pink and blue have been on the decline as the standard sex-marking colors in the nursery, giving way to such neuter shades as interchangeable aqua, green and yellow. Diapers are no longer folded with extra front thickness for boys and extra rear thickness for girls but come packaged as uniformly folded disposables. Even names are no longer a clear-cut indication of sex: in place of John and Mary, children get bisexual names like Robin and Tracy. What is

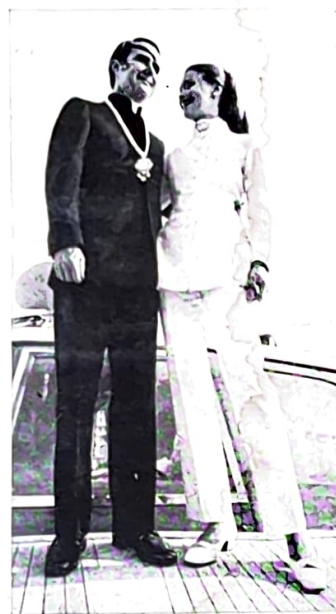
more, the kids are dressed alike in identical overalls and T-shirts. The zipper that closes their jackets is the epitome of neuteriness, avoiding as it does the good old difference of button left and button right. No wonder, says Winick, that the kids grow up confused about who is what.

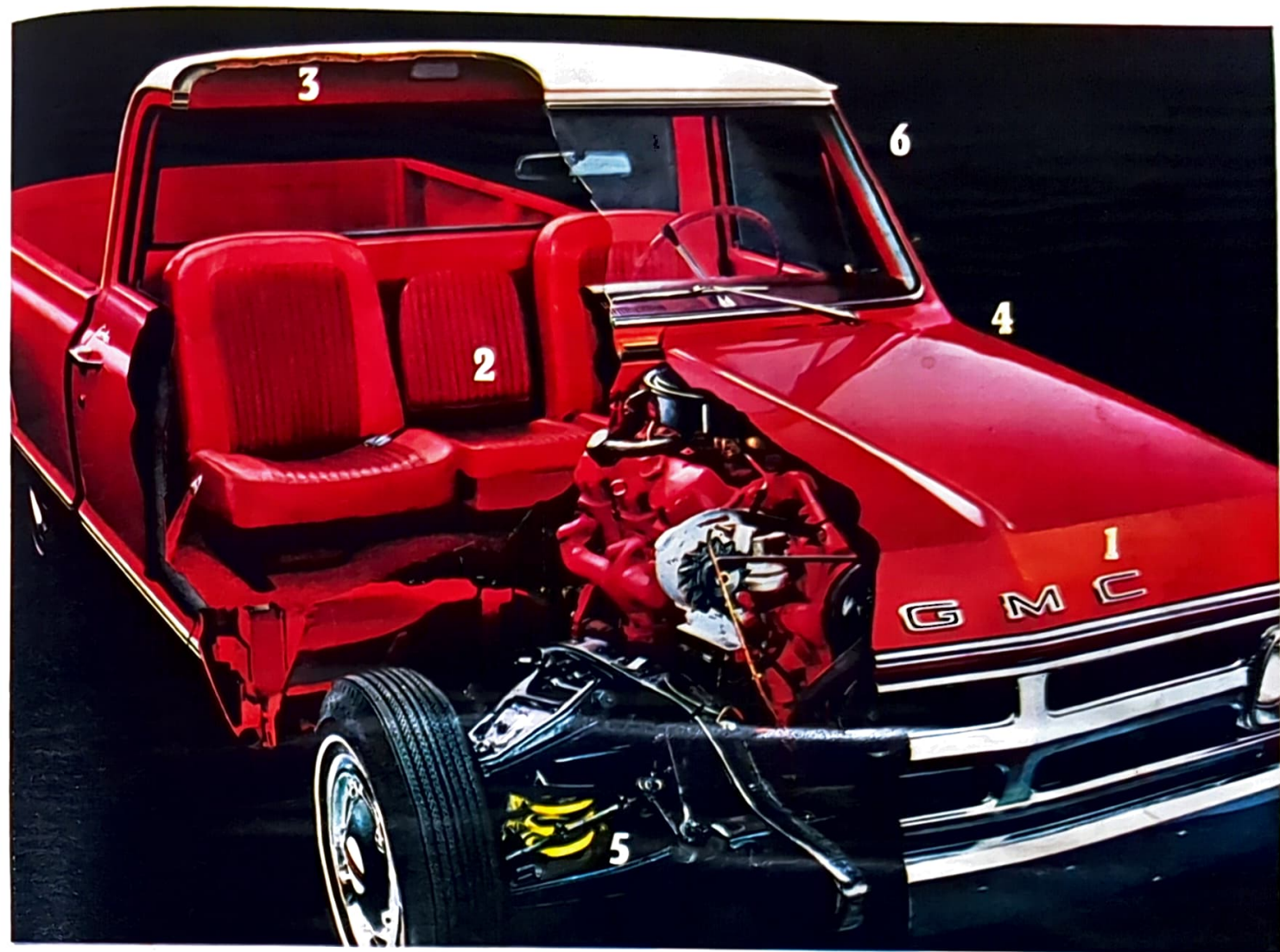
Certainly times have changed since a boy was snakes 'n' snails 'n' puppy dogs' tails and a girl was sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice, and a Frenchman could shout "Vive la différence!" with conviction and passion. In the process some of the romance may have gone out of living, but the look-alike young who invented the new styles and are buying most of them couldn't care less.

HELEN CARLTON



Though matched pairs turn up all over, the discerning eye has no trouble detecting who is what. Having their hair done at Carita's in Paris (above) are François and Betty Cartoux, in zippered pant suits from Pierre Cardin. Carita recently opened the his-and-her salon. Also in Paris, Mike and Catherine Marshall (left) wear twin bathrobes. His robe has a geisha girl and hers has a guy's face. In Florida, Graham Loving (right) wore a Nehru suit and chain necklace to his wedding and the bride wore white—a matching Nehru. In London (below) actress Romy Schneider and her husband show off their identical striped shirts from Mr. Fish.





1 We're the truck people from General Motors. And we just ripped up the cab of our new GMC pickup to prove a point about comfort. The point is simple. A truck doesn't have to look or ride like a buckboard. Especially when that truck is a new GMC pickup.

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3 Every GMC pickup cab has two roofs and two cab walls. Better to keep out noise, vibration and weather. Better for making the cab last longer. You're probably thinking all pickups are built this way. But ours is one of the few that is.

4 Pushbutton seat belts, padded dash, dual master cylinder brake system, a thick laminated windshield, plenty of safety items.

5 We put coil springs in front and leaf springs in back. Not many trucks can boast a combination like ours. Or a comfortable and stable ride like ours.

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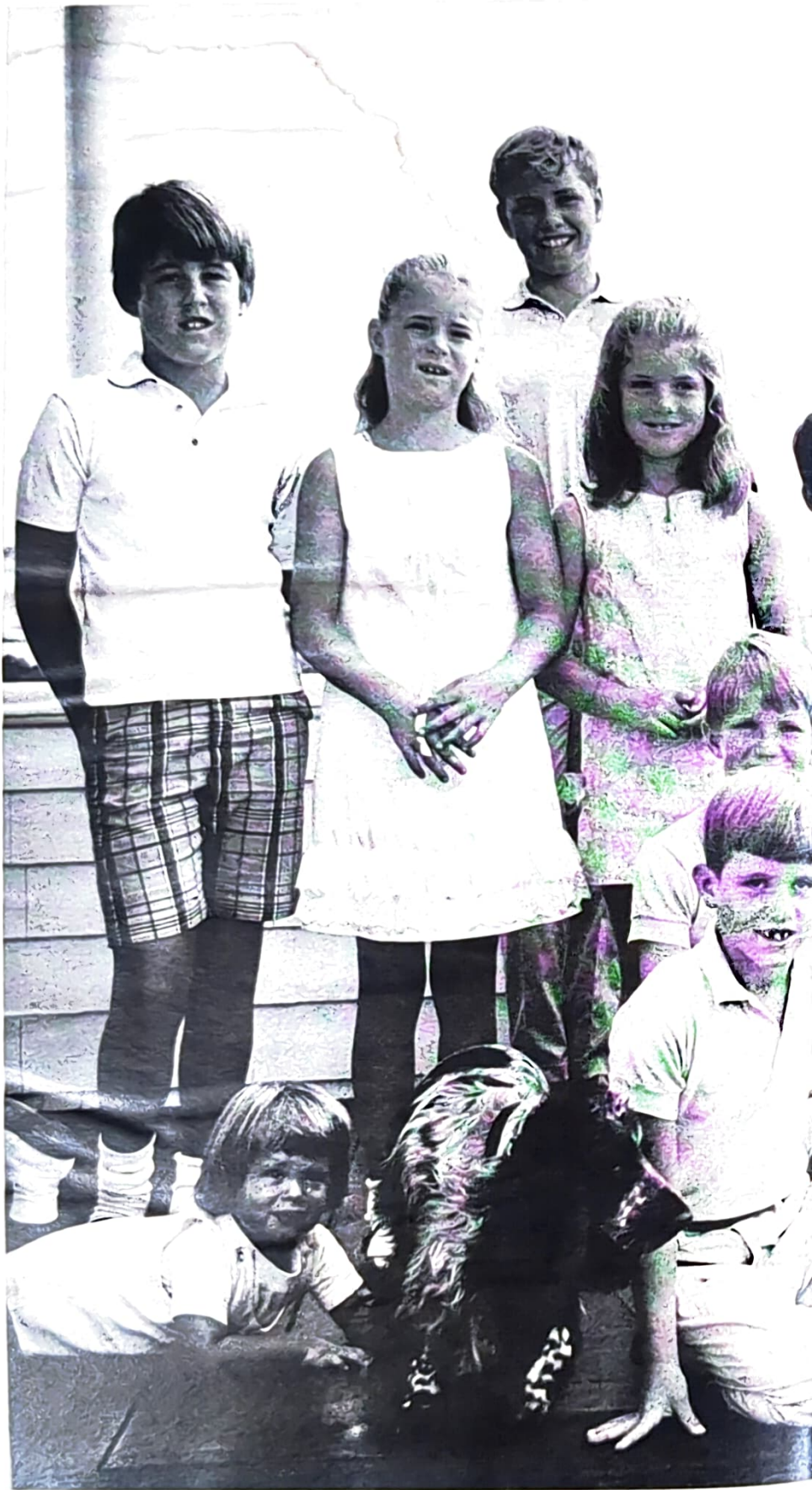
Robert F. Kennedy and his niece Caroline, age 7, at Hyannis Port in August 1965

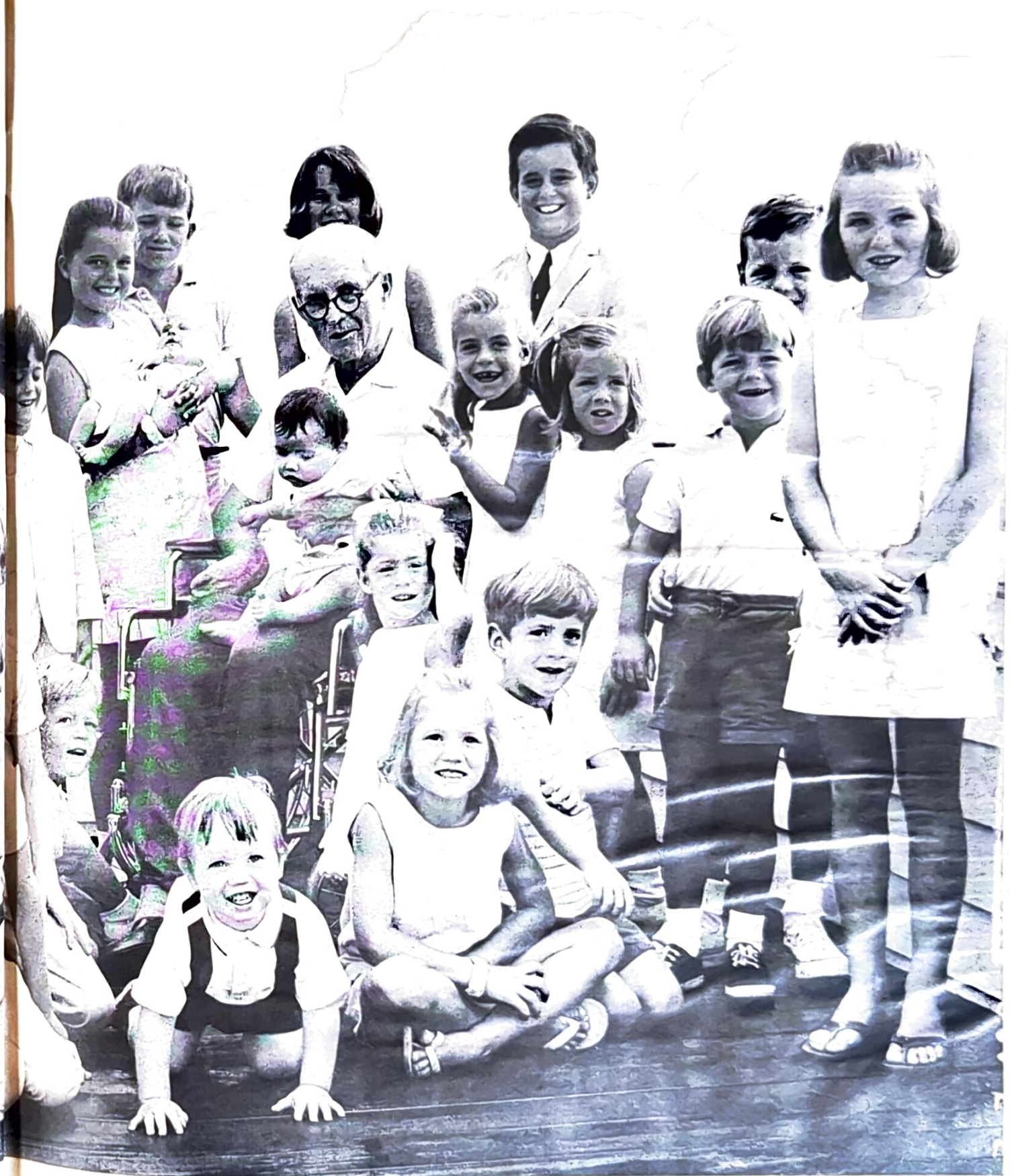
From a family album



Robert Kennedy and Matthew, 7 mo., at Hickory Hill

In August 1965, Joseph Kennedy gathered all 24 of his grandchildren for this picture on the porch of his home at Hyannis Port. On the floor, foreground, left to right, are: Mark Shriver (with Robert Kennedy's spaniel, Freckles); Robert's sons Michael and David (behind Michael); Edward Kennedy Jr.; Robert's son Christopher (on hands and knees); Robin Lauford (hand to head); Robert's daughter Mary Kerry and John F. Kennedy Jr. Standing, from left, are: Christopher Lauford; Sydney Lauford; Robert's son Joseph P. Kennedy III; Caroline Kennedy; Timothy Shriver; Maria Shriver, holding her brother Anthony; Robert F. Kennedy Jr.; his brother Matthew on his grandfather's lap and sister Kathleen, standing behind them; Victoria Lauford; Robert Sargent Shriver III; Edward's daughter Kara; William Smith; Stephen E. Smith Jr.; and Robert's daughter Mary Courtney. Since this picture, two more grandchildren have been born: Robert's son Douglas and Edward's son Patrick.





Robert Kennedy with his son David, then 9, and daughter Mary Courtney, 8, at Hickory Hill





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